Cambria Freeman.

M. A. M'PIKE, Editor and Publisher. HE IS A FREEMAN WHOM THE TRUTH MAKES FREE, AND ALL ARE SLAVES BESIDE. Terms, $2 per year in advance.

VOLUME 5. EBENSBURG, PA., SATURDAY, JANUARY 6, 1872. NUMBER 47.

New Advertisements.

CHICAGO AND ITS DESTRUCTION.
A full and complete history of Chicago, her past, present and future. With graphic scenes, incidents and full details of the disaster, by Geo. P. Upton and J. W. Sheahan, editors of the Chicago Tribune. With over 400 pages, and 60 illustrations. It is now ready for delivery.
AGENTS WANTED. Send $1.00 for outfit, and choice of territory. Union Publishing Company, Chicago, Ill., or Philadelphia, Pa.

CUNDURANGO.
Bliss' Keene & Co.'s Fluid Extract.
The wonderful remedy for CANCER, SYPHILIS, SCROFULA, ULCERS, PULMONARY COMPLAINTS, SALT RHEUM, and all CHRONIC BLOOD DISEASES. Is prepared from the Genuine Cundurango Bark, from Loja, Ecuador, secured by the assistance of the authorities of that country. It is the most effective, prompt and certain alterative and blood purifier known. Sold by all Druggists, in pint bottles, having on them our name, trade mark and directions. Send for a circular. Office and Laboratory, No. 60 Cedar St., N. Y.

50th YEAR.
NEW YORK OBSERVER.
$3 per Annum, including Year Book for 1872.
SIDNEY E. MORSE, JR., & CO.,
37 Park Row, New York.
SAMPLE COPIES FREE.

UNIVERSALISM.
Send for a free sample copy of the CHRISTIAN LEADER, a first-class weekly journal, published by the New York State Convention of Universalists, and containing the Sermons of Dr. E. H. CHAPIN. Terms $2.50 per year. Address, Publisher CHRISTIAN LEADER, 698 BROADWAY, NEW YORK CITY.

WOOD'S Household Magazine is offered free during the coming year to every subscriber of Merry's Museum, the Toledo Blade, Pomeroy's Democrat, &c. which is evidence of its worth and popularity. Horace Greeley, Jas. Parton, Theodore Tilton, Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, and many others are contributing. It offers three first-class periodicals for the price of one of them. A variety of premiums of equally liberal terms. It is an original, first-class magazine. Volume I begins with January. Three specimen copies free. Address S. S. WOOD, Newburgh, N.Y.

VICK'S FLORAL GUIDE FOR 1872
OVER ONE HUNDRED PAGES,
Printed in Two Colors, on superb TINTED PAPER. Four Hundred Engravings of Flowers, Plants and Vegetables, with Descriptions, and
TWO COLORED PLATES.
Directions and plans for making Walks, Lawns, Gardens, &c. The handsomest and best FLORAL GUIDE in the World. All for Ten Cents, to those who think of buying Seeds. Not a quarter the cost. 250,000 sold of 1871.
Address, JAMES VICK,
Rochester, N. Y.

PETERS' MUSICAL MONTHLY The Dec. No., price 20c., has 10 pieces Vocal and Instr'l Piano Music, worth $4 in sheet form. We will mail two back Nos. for 30c., four for 60c., or Jan. to Dec., regular price $2.25. Bound copies for 1871, gilt sides and edges, $5. The Music is by Hays, Thomas, Kinkel, Gounod, etc. Address J. L. PETERS, 599 Broadway, N.Y. P.O. Box 5489.

SAVE YOUR LIFE
BY PROMPTLY USING
WINCHESTER'S HYPOPHOSPHITES,
A Chemically pure preparation of
PHOSPHORUS,
which is a most important constituent of the human body, existing largely in the brain, Nervous System, Blood and Bones, and in CONSEQUENCE OF DEFICIENCY OF THE LIFE-GIVING AND LIFE-SUSTAINING ELEMENT, WHICH IS THE IMMEDIATE CAUSE OF
Consumption, Nervous Debility, Paralysis, Dyspepsia, Scrofula, Etc.
The proper Remedy for the effectual treatment and cure of the above Disease consists in restoring to the Brain, Nervous System, Lungs and Blood, their due proportion of *Phosphorus*.
WINCHESTER'S
HYPOPHOSPHITES
is the only preparation which accomplishes this result, and it is an absolute cure for the Diseases above named.
Circulars, Information and Advice Free.
Prepared only by J. WINCHESTER & CO., Chemists, 36 JOHN ST., N.Y., and sold by all Druggists. Price $1 and $2 per Bottle.

BURNETT'S COCOAINE
A compound of *Cocoa-nut Oil, &c.* Acknowledged *the best promoter of the growth and beauty of the hair.* '52. BURNETT & CO., Boston, Mass. Sold by all druggists. *Beware of imitations.*

THE BEST SAW-GUMMER OUT ONLY $15. Emery & Grinders at $25, $40, and $100. Diamond Turning Tools, $15. *Solid Emery Wheels of all sizes.* Address *The Tuttle Co., Stroudsburg, Monroe Co., Pa.*

YAH! SHORT! — Ask *Parsons & Finney*, Harrisburg, Pa., for free Circular of Dexter Cutter & Makes Corn-Fodder equal to hay. New thing!

$57.60. Agents profits per week. Will prove it, or forfeit $50. New articles, patented July 18th. Samples sent free to all. Address W. H. CHIDESTER, 267 Broadway, New York.

$405 A MONTH! Horse furnished. Expenses paid. H. B. SHAW, Alfred, Me.

AGENTS Wanted.—Agents make more money at work for us than anything else. Business light and permanent. Particulars free. G. STINSON & Co., *Fine Art Publishers*, Portland, Maine.

A VOID QUACKS!—A victim of early indiscretion, causing nervous debility, premature decay, etc., having tried in vain every advertised remedy, has discovered a simple means of self-cure, which he will send free to his fellow-sufferers. Address J. H. REEVES, 78 *Nassau St., N.Y.*

THIRTY YEARS' EXPERIENCE
IN THE TREATMENT OF
Chronic and Sexual Diseases.
A PHYSIOLOGICAL VIEW OF MARRIAGE.
The cheapest book ever published—containing nearly three hundred pages, and one hundred and thirty fine plates and engravings of the anatomy of the human organs in a state of health and disease, with a treatise on early errors, its deplorable consequences upon the mind and body, with the author's plain of treatment—the only rational and successful mode of cure, as shown by a report of cases treated. A truthful adviser to the married and those contemplating marriage, who entertain doubts of their physical condition. Sent free of postage to any address, on receipt of twenty-five cents in stamps or postal currency, by addressing DR. LA CROIX, No. 31 Maiden Lane, Albany, N. Y. The author may be consulted upon any of the diseases upon which his book treats, either personally or by mail, and medicines sent to any part of the world.

SPLENDID
1872 Inducements! 1872.
THE WEEKLY PATRIOT,
GREATLY
ENLARGED AND IMPROVED.

The old favorite Democratic Weekly, THE PATRIOT, will appear on the
FIRST DAY OF JANUARY, 1872,
GREATLY ENLARGED and changed from present quarto to a MAMMOTH FOLIO. It will contain more reading matter than any other Weekly published in Pennsylvania.
It will furnish all the Political and General News of the current week in condensed form.
It will give an accurate report of the MARKETS of New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Pittsburg and Harrisburg.
Its Literary Department will contain Tales, Essays, Poetry, &c., by the best American and European writers.
It will contain such full and faithful reports of Congressional and Legislative proceedings as will afford its readers a fair understanding of the doings of their public servants. During the session of the Legislature it will be of special interest and value to every Pennsylvanian.
THE NEXT PRESIDENT.
The great impending struggle for the Presidency will soon commence. Within one year from this time the American people will have determined whether or not the centralization of the powers of the government in the hands of a corrupt oligarchy, the plundering of the taxpayer by thieving officials, the denial of equal political rights to the proscribed citizens of the Southern States and the substitution of the will of a party for the fundamental law of the land, shall cease or continue. It shall be the earnest and unflagging endeavor of the PATRIOT to educate its readers in the belief that the time has come when an earnest and determined effort must be made to arrest political power by thieving hands from our present rulers. It should, therefore, be read by every voter who can be induced to cast an honest, intelligent and patriotic ballot. To this end it has been determined to fix the following exceedingly low rates for
WEEKLY PATRIOT!

One copy, one year	$2.00
One copy, six months	1.25
Four copies, one year, each	1.75
Ten copies, one year, each	1.50
Twenty copies, one year, each	1.25
Fifty copies, and upwards, one year, each	1.00

An extra copy, *free*, is furnished to the Agent sending in clubs of *ten* or more. A copy of the DAILY PATRIOT will be sent, *free*, to the Agent sending in clubs of *fifty* or more. All papers will be separately addressed, but must go to one post-office. (See directions below.)
Chairmen of Democratic County Committees and others interested in the cause of good government, are respectfully requested to act as Agents for the formation of Clubs for the WEEKLY PATRIOT.

THE DAILY PATRIOT,
Published EVERY MORNING, Sundays excepted, is a first class newspaper, containing full telegraphic reports, special Washington dispatches, the most complete and accurate market reports, full accounts of proceedings of Congress and Legislature, spicy editorials, etc.
One Copy, one year, by mail, $7; Five Copies do., $32; Ten Copies, do., $60.
Larger Clubs at the format named rates. Papers may be separately addressed, but must be taken in one package. The money must accompany the order to insure attention.
DIRECTIONS.—Additions to Clubs may be made at any time in the year at the above Club rates. Specimen Copies sent only on request of persons receiving packages, stating date of subscription, edition, post-office and State, to which it has been previously sent.
TERMS.—Cash in advance. Send Post-office Money Order, Bank Draft or Registered Letter. Bills sent by Mail will be at the risk of the sender.
SEND FOR PROSPECTUS AND SPECIMEN COPY. Address
"THE PATRIOT,"
Harrisburg, Pa.

Will be supplied to Subscribers only.

NOW READY, in one volume, Demi-octavo, (price in Morocco cloth bevelled, black and gold, $3; Library style, marbled edges, $3.50; Half Morocco, $4.)
A Popular Life of Gen. Robert E. Lee,
BY MISS EMILY V. MASON.
Dedicated by permission to Mrs. LEE. Embellished with 17 Original Designs by Prof. VOLCK, illustrating the Principal Scenes in His Life.
"One such example is worth more to earth
Than the stained triumphs of ten thousand Cæsars."
This work is issued in an elegant and attractive volume, to which a very low price is affixed: so as to place it within the reach of the Soldiers whom he commanded and the people by whom he was loved and honored.
Experienced Agents wanted in all parts of the country to sell the above and other Important Works. Exclusive territory given.
Address, JOHN MURPHY & CO.,
Publishers, Baltimore.

Preparing for Early Publication, Embellished with a Fine Portrait of the Chief Justice, on Steel, in one volume, octavo, printed on fine paper and bound in Morocco cloth bevelled, price $5; Library style, marbled edges, $6; Half Morocco, $7; a
Memoir of Roger Brooke Taney, LL.D.
Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States. By SAMUEL TYLER, LL.D.
This Work will be of Extraordinary Interest and Permanent Value to the Historian, the Lawyer, the Statesman, and Every Intelligent Reader of the American People. A portion of the profits will be for the benefit of the family of Chief Justice Taney.
Address, J. MURPHY & Co., Publishers, Baltimore.
M. P. MEAGHER,
Agent for Cambria County.

NOTICE OF INCORPORATION.—4TH DECEMBER, 1871.—*Highland Agricultural Society of Cambria County.*—Petition for Charter of Incorporation.
And now, to wit: Dec. 4, 1871, read, and the Court having perused and examined the within, and finding its objects, articles and conditions to be lawful and not injurious to the community, it is directed that they be filed in the office of the Prothonotary of the Court, and that notice be inserted in one newspaper of the county for three weeks, setting forth the within application for Charter, and, if no sufficient reason be shown to the contrary on or before the first day of next term, the same shall be granted. *By the Court.*
J. K. HITE, Prothonotary.
Prothy's Office, Ebensburg, Dec. 23, 1871.-3t.

NOTICE OF INCORPORATION.—4TH DECEMBER, 1871.—*Petition for Incorporation of the Ebensburg Hall Association.*
And now, Monday, Dec. 4, 1871, read, and it appearing upon perusal and examination that the objects and conditions within set forth and contained are lawful and not injurious to the community, it is directed that the writing be filed in the office of the Prothonotary, and that notice be inserted in one newspaper in the county for three weeks, setting forth that if no sufficient reason be shown to the contrary at the next term, the same shall be granted.
By the Court. J. K. HITE, Proth'y.
Prothy's Office, Ebensburg, Dec. 23, 1871.-3t.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.
Estate of BRIDGET FARRELL, dec'd.
Letters of Administration on the estate of BRIDGET FARRELL, late of Carroll township, deceased, having been granted to the undersigned by the Register of Cambria county, all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those having claims are desired to present them properly authenticated for settlement.
H. C. KIRKPATRICK, Adm'r.
Carroll Twp., Dec. 9, 1871.-6t.

NOTICE OF ELECTION.—The annual election of a Board of *TWELVE DIRECTORS* for the *Mutual Protection Fire Insurance Company of Cambria County*, will be held at the office of said Company, in Ebensburg, on *Tuesday, Jan. 9th, 1872*, between the hours of 10 A. M. and 1 P. M.
R. J. LLOYD, Sec'y.

The Poet's Department.

THE LAST NIGHT OF THE YEAR.

'Tis desolate out on field and mere,
And all about the moorlands drear;
The wind's weird voices come and go
With a muttured sobbing, faint and low,
Like the mourners in a burial-crowd;
Each wild-wood creature is in its lair,
For the cold is sharp in the freezing air,
And the earth is wrapped in a snowy shroud.

Faintly shimmers the frozen stream,
And the hoar-frost shines with a ghostly gleam,
For the depths of the vast unclouded skies
Are filled with numberless starry eyes;
Through the beech-tree' leafless branchery
Downward sparkles the solemn light;
In the shadow and loneliness of night;
They are watching to see the old year die.

Into the dim realms of the Past
The gray old year is journeying fast;
Without—the moonbeam's pallid glow
Quivers above his icy brow;
Within—the fire burns low and red,
And the hanging holly-boughs and bays
Throw shadows strange in the flickering blaze
On the panelled walls and overhead.

And now from the crypt-like gloom
And stillness of the quiet room,
Across the red, uncertain light,
Dim shapes are wavering to my sight
In long procession: they speak no word;
There is no sound of echoing feet;
But cold and low my pulses beat,
By the airy sense of their presence stirred.

They are the ghosts of joys long dead,
Of bright hours vanished, and fair scenes fled;
Of hopes that sprung with the springing year,
Only to fall when the leaf fell sere;
And sorrowful memories, pale and wan,
With the stinging dust of departed years;
And my eyes are filled with regretful tears,
And my heart cries out for the days that are gone!
—*Catholic Record.*

CENSUS OR NON CENSUS?

"The census, it is said, embraces seventeen million women. Who wouldn't be a census?"—Providence Paper.

Just think of it—seventeen millions,
Resplendent with multiplied charms;
A host of adorable women
Rushing right into your arms!
Coming one after another,
Faster than flakes of snow,
Myriads hurrying up to be kissed,
And waiting for others to go.

Just think of it—seventeen millions,
From every land under the skies;
Multitudinous types of figure and face,
A world of wonderful eyes;
Love's wildest vision of possible bliss
Turned sweetly, suddenly true—
Who wouldn't be not quite a census?
Think—seventeen millions! Who?

But stop! These seventeen millions,
From every land under the skies,
Can't all be adorable women,
Can't all have wonderful eyes.
There are faces unpleasant to look at,
Complexions decidedly bad,
Heaps on heaps who never had beauty,
Or have lost the little they had.

There are women who scowl and who squint,
And look opposite ways at a time,
And blinking, bleary-eyed monsters,
Whose kiss would be like to a crime.
There are horrible objects with wens,
And features twisted awry,
Termagants armed with the broomstick,
Shrews who smack of the sty.

There are women with turned-up noses,
And noses bent down flat,
And features drawn and teeth all gone,
And cheeks like a knocked-in hat.
There are anatomical women,
With nothing to boast outside,
And women like magnified tumors,
Whom you could not embrace if you tried.

There are women all padded and painted,
More humbug than women, I'm told;
Manufactured of cotton and offered for sale
At current prices in gold.
There are women with hair that comes off,
And teeth that they have to put in,
Who drop slowly apart like a bundle
As you pull out each separate pin.

There are women with brains like a baby,
But tongues enough each for ten;
Women who live by abusing each other,
And women who feed upon men;
Amazons, cannibals, Jezebels, hags,
Flatterers, simpletons, shrews,
Say sixteen millions of such, and about
One million a fellow might choose.

You must take them, though, just as they come,
As fast as they please to rush in;
On the whole 'twould seem—viewing it calmly—
As best, perhaps, not to begin.
It's a pity to give up the prizes,
But think of those others, my friend,
And as soon as you start at the head of the line,
You are in for it down to the end.

Tales, Sketches, Anecdotes, &c.

HARD TIMES.

BY AUGUSTA LARNED.

Mrs. Fairman was a proud woman, if she did enjoy misery, and she had no intention of letting Miss Henslow know that the family lived on canaille bread.

Obed had been kicked in the chest by Black Bill, who was trying to run with the cart, and now he lay on the bed in the family bedroom, and Salome was with him. Mrs. Fairman had told the men folks, more than a hundred times, that they ought to sell Black Bill; but she was'nt anybody to be considered, and no head was paid to what she said. There was one satisfaction though; things had turned out exactly as she predicted they would, and that was the worst possible.

Now as she stepped away from the stove where she had been carefully covering up the little gray loves with a crash towel, she glanced out of the window at the spring pastures that were perishing for the want of rain, and where the cattle could scarcely nibble a mouthful; and beyond to the hard looking plowed fields that showed only the faintest shimmer of the blue green oats. The wells were giving out, and springs that never had been known to fail.

Mrs. Fairman's face had a cut-water outline. It was rheumy and pinched in at the nostrils, and tucked down at the corners of the mouth. Now, as she looked at the cold, bleak, brown fields taken in connection with the canaille loaves behind the stove, it seemed plain to her mind that there was a judgment upon them; and in a somewhat vague way she connected the judgment with Obed, "who never had been under conviction since she married him," and who had seldom stepped his foot into the meeting-house at the Corners. She had read in the newspaper that the drouth extended over the whole of New England, and a large portion of the Western States; but it did not occur to her that Providence was going considerably out of its way to punish Obed for his obstinacy and spiritual blindness.

A man had ridden early in the morning over from Salisbury with Whitcomb's bill, and had threatened to levy on some of the farm implements and order a sheriff's sale, unless it was paid for in ten days. Mrs. Fairman knew that Obed was "drained" of money, and the prospect of being sold out of house and home, a thing which she so often predicted would happen, seemed dismally near.

Miss Henslow lived across the road in a little house that appeared to be always in the sulks. Now she left her goose heating, and took a section of Deacon Broderip's coat over her arm, with her big tailor's shears at her side, and went, stooping, across the way. She had a crooked back and a hooked nose, with a mouth that hid itself in the big cavity of her face, and which, some way, gave one the impression of a gigantic owl. She appeared to have a three story throat, and to speak out of the basement door. She stepped over one of Salome's flower beds, where the "sturtions" could not push their heads through the baked soil, and she gave a sharp peck on the window pane with her steel thimble.

"I got the fidgets sitting alone," she began, as Mrs. Fairman admitted her, and settled down and let her poke bonnet fall back, showing a ring of snuffy brown hair on each side of her face done up with a big pin. "You see I dreamed of rats last night, and it's always a bad sign. The last time it happened was just before aunt Debby Strong died. Seth Barnaby and his cousin went up to watch the last night, and they said Miss Pratt, who had been hired to stay there, set the scantiest supper ever was. Did you hear about Hiram Walker's wife? She was aunt Debby's niece, and is coming into the property; and just as soon as she got back from the grave, she went to counting over the things, and what do you think! There was six of the old lady's best linen sheets gone."

"Dear me," said Mrs. Fairman, coming out of the buttery with her apron half full of dried apples, "these are solemn times."

The expression had great force, although it was a little uncertain whether it applied to aunt Debby's sheets or to things in general.

"I guess they be," croaked Miss Henslow, suspending the operation of paring one of the seams of Deacon Broderip's coat. "It looks as though there wouldn't be a spear of grain raised this season; and there's Dave Blodgett, one of them Millerites—second adventurers, they call themselves—saying the world's going to be burnt up this year, on account of the big horn and the little horn in the Book of Daniel. I asked him if he wouldn't like to engage me to make his ascension robe, for I thought if he didn't come out straight in his calkerlations, I might as well have the job."

Salome stepped out of the bedroom with a gruel bowl in her hand. She was a tall girl, with light hair just turning a little on gold. It had slipped out of its braid and was hanging against her white neck.

"What a mop of hair Lome has got," said Miss Henslow, when she had got back into the bedroom. "I notice that weakly girls are apt to run to hair."

"Salome ain't rugged, that's certain," said Mrs. Fairman, who was interrupted in her calculations as whether she could squeeze out molasses enough to sweeten the dried apples she was coring. "She ain't tough, and had to be put to hard work before she got her growth. If Sarah Jane didn't keep school to help to get along, I should let Salome putter around for a year or two; and then I guess she'd get hearty; for the doctor says there ain't anything chronic."

"I don't know about that," broke in Miss Henslow. "She looks to me just like sister Patty's girl that went off with galloping consumption."

"Theer ain't no consumption in the family," returned Mrs. Fairman, giving a snappish little jark to the hand that held the bread knife.

"Wal, I didn't mean to scare you, Mrs. Fairman; but then it's always best to be prepared for things as they come along."

"I'm never unprepared," returned the other dismally. "I've gone through so much that it seems as though I was always expecting trouble; and Obed, he don't seem any better; I don't 'spose it's to be expected. Religion's a great solemnizer, Miss Henslow; and now, when it looks as if we were all going to starve, and the cows don't average any day more than two quarts apiece, it seems most a sin to be making jokes."

"Look there at Miss Dacres," said the tailoress. "Ain't she stiff necked? I understand Jo comes here pretty often after Lome."

"He comes to see the boys," returned Mrs. Fairman, with some asperity.

"Law, a young fellow can visit the boys and squint toward a girl at the same time. But I'll tell you what, the old lady won't like it if Jo means to play that game. I feel it my duty as a friend to let you know how the land lays."

Mrs. Fairman had finished coring her apples; and now she went to the sink and began plying the handle of the pump with such vigor that her neighbor's last words were fortunately lost. Miss Henslow remembered her goose heating red-hot over home, so she took herself and her voice away; but not before she had got a peep at the canaille bread under the crash towel; and that same afternoon she tho't it was her duty to go over to Mrs. Seth Spencer's, and tell that lady how straightened the Fairman's were.

Jo Dacres, a broad-shouldered, lusty young fellow, with a great stride, and a cherry, loud voice, was just opening the gate of the home place. It was the snuggest, best kept farm in the neighborhood. Simeon Dacres, the old man, was forehanded, and had money laid up in the bank; and if there is anything country people do respect and bow down before, it is money in bank.

Mrs. Dacres always regulated her affairs by the almanac; and the first of May the sitting-room stove was taken down, whether or no; and now the house was as chilly as a cellar, with a clean smell about it of whitewash and varnish.

Mrs. Dakers was waiting for the men folks to come to dinner. She had blown the horn twice out of the back door, and the pork in the spider was curling itself up into little, hard, bilious looking scraps. With enforced patience she came in and sat down in the rocking chair, with its puffy feather cushion, and untied her cap strings. She was a large woman, with a heavy tread and a double chin, and an immense talent for managing. In her own person she represented the hard-headed ethics of Burnham, and perhaps was more honest, if less nice, than some of her neighbors.

"Obed Fairman has been kicked by a horse, mother," said Jo, betraying a little hesitation in his tone. "The hurt isn't dangerous, but I think it would look friendly if you should step in and inquire how he is."

"If it ain't dangerous I shan't stir a step," returned Mrs. Dacres, shutting her mouth in a positive line. "You do running enough over that way for the rest of the family; and I expect you'll make a fool of yourself one of these days."

"There might be two opinions about that," said Jo, rather evasively.

"Wal, you know what I think right out flat-footed? You're hanging around that girl, and I expect you'll get a weakly wife on your hands who will be whining round with neuralgy or highpo half the time. Obed is shiftless. I don't mean that he is lazy, but he hain't got no kalkerlation. His wits are off wool gathering half the time; and Salome is out of the same piece of cloth. She's as easy as an old shoe, and would sozzle round a house and tend a lot of flowers, no matter whether there was any bread in the cupboard or not. If you are ever going to get ahead in the world, you must marry a woman that can help you push and pull, as I have helped your father—a regular slaver, that can put her shoulder to the wheel, and not a bundle of aches and pains tied round the middle with a string, who will eat you up with doctor's bills."

Here was the Burnham valuation of woman put into the plainest words; and they made Jo wince.

"Salome isn't sickly," said Jo in a gloomy tone. "She may not be quite as strong as some girls, but I feel sure she will turn out a healthy woman. I have told you before, mother, that I don't mean to marry a drudge or a glare. I shan't look out for a wife to do my cooking and washing, and scrubbing and nothing else. I want a human companion, and if I have a man to help me on the farm, my wife shall have a girl to help in the kitchen. I shan't go and look up a wife as I would a horse. A man gets his eyes on a girl, and he longs for her, and likes her—he can't tell why. She is different to him from any other woman in the world, and he can't be happy without her. It isn't a thing for a fellow to be ashamed of neither, if he's got one spark of manliness in him; and that's the way I feel towards Salome."

"Granny!" exclaimed Mrs. Dacres, bringing her bread hand down on the arm of her chair at the heighth of the young fellow's ardor. "Do you think your father and me is going to give the money we have just worked and dug out of the ground to feed that Fairman tribe?"

"I don't ask for your money," returned Jo, rather savagely. "I shall take what grandfather left me, and stock a hired farm, and then I shall ask Salome to be my wife."

He strode out of the house without eating his dinner, and marched off to the woods to free his mind of excitement. As he was getting over the snake fence by the roadside, he saw Elder Northup stop under the cherry trees in front of the Fairman farmhouse, and fasten his horse.—The Elder was a little man and his Sunday suit appeared to tyrannize over him a good deal. His coat cuffs descended over his hands, a tuft of stiff hair stood up above his narrow forehead, and he spoke with a slight snuffle.

Mrs. Fairman was ironing by the table when she saw him ride up, so she put the flat-iron back on the stove and went out on the stoop to meet him. "I'm so glad you've happened along to-day," said she, with her face drawn into its usual puckers of anxious concern. "Perhaps you've heard that Obed got hurt. He's laid up now, and I thought mebbe if you should talk with him there might be an awaking. You don't know how I've wrestled in prayer to bring Obed to conviction. I often think of what the Bible says about being unequally yoked with an unbeliever—not that I would have it thought that Obed ain't a good, moral man, kind to his women folks, and as good a provider as he can be, when times ain't hard; but it's been a trial."

"I know it has, sister. These are all filthy rags of self-righteousness," said the Elder, taking out his bandanna and wiping the dust from his thin legs. "The human heart is deceitful above all things, and despritly wicked."

Salome had been smoothing Obed's iron gray hair. He loved to feel the touch of her delicate fingers. One big brown hand, with prominent joints, lay on the patched quilt, and the man's face, so rugged and homely, with still a dreamy look in the eyes, was softened with an almost child-like expression of peace.—Mrs. Fairman came ushering in the Elder.

"Glad to see you," said Obed, to the little parson, and he put out his hand with genuine warmth. "I've had a little pull back, but the doctor says I shall be round again in a day or two."

"Ahem!" returned the Elder, clearing his throat; "the Lord sends seasons of affliction upon us to bring us to a sense of sin."

"I don't know about that," returned Obed, with his eyes brightening. "I sin't as familiar with the Lord's intentions as some folks profess to be; and as for the trouble, I guess we bring most of it on ourselves."

"That sin't Bible doctrine," returned the Elder, shaking his head rather dismally. "It may do to live by, but it won't serve in the hour of death."

"I don't know why," said Obed, whetting his argumentative weapon. "I guess what will stand in this life will stand in any other."

"The impenitent heart is in the gall of bitterness and the bond of iniquity," replied the Elder, fidgetting on his chair. "How will the sinner feel in the way when the goats are separated from the sheep."

"According to my cypherin'," said Obed, 'God means to take care of the goats too. They may not be worth as much as the sheep; there's a big difference in folks; but I guess they'll go for what they are worth. At any rate, I shall take what comes, without grumbling or complaining. There's a passage of Scripture that says: 'Though he slay me, yet will I trust him.' I've thought of that a good many times when I've been working alone in the field; and I guess I can take what the Lord sends; but there are some things men would like to force on me I ain't so ready to receive."

The Elder couldn't think of any answer for this, so he cleared his throat, and said, "I should like, if you don't object, to have a season of prayer."

"I don't mind your praying," replied Obed, cheerfully, "if you want to; but I guess the Lord knows all you can tell Him and a little more. Folks take a sight of pains to give Him information. There's a still small voice spoken of that I thought I heard out in the lot sometimes, with the birds singing and everything still, and my heart has answered, and I've had a kind of a notion that that was a prayer."

Mrs. Fairman and Salome were whispering together in the kitchen.

"We must try and scrape the barrel," said the anxious housewife, "so as to get white flour enough to make griddle-cakes for tea; then we can put on the canaille bread to look like one kind. You must tell Ezra to be sure and refuse the cakes. He's dreadful fond of them. There's the dried apple sauce, and a little mite of plum preserves, just enough to help the Elder twice; so I guess we shall manage to appear respectable."

The next day there was a change in the weather. The cold northeast wind gave way to a south breeze, and it grew warm and close. Big black clouds rolled up the sky, and anxious, longing eyes watched it, and prayed for rain.

The shower was coming when Salome went into her father's room with a letter in her hand.

"Why, child," said he opening it, "Bunker, the man that bought the old Hayne's place, wants to get three acres off the back end of my land. It's a strong piece, but it goes cornering into his'n and there's some folks that can't bear to have a notch in a farm, and I guess he's one of them kind. He offers a big price and the money will pay off my debt to Whitcombe, and leave me something over. It does seem as though there was a providence in it. I can't ever see that the Lord bears a spite to his children, but I'm ready to acknowledge all his mercies."

"O, father, it's raining!" cried Salome, as she rushed to the window. The big warm drops were beginning to patter down on the leaves and grass, and soak into the hard ground. Faster and faster it came roaring upon the roof, while the winds swayed the wee limbs of the trees.

"That is music," said Obed, with his face all aglow. "It makes me think of where the Bible speaks about the fields yielding their increase, and the clouds dropping fatness. There ain't no such poetry as that anywhere."

The shower had lasted a long, long time, and soaked into the thirsty ground, and brightened the grass and brought out the dandelions by hundreds, and opened the pink lips of the apple blossoms.—With the patter on the roof, and the great peace that had fallen on his spirit, Obed fell asleep. Salome sat beside him. Presently there came a tap at the window. She started, and turned, and there stood Jo Dacres, leaning over the low sill backed by a lilac bush just shaking out its purple plumes. Everything was glittering with bright drops, and a robin was singing overhead. Salome went softly to the window, and she never forgot how that bird's song sounded. She was dressed in a pale blue calico, of glazy stuff, but it just suited her style; and now, as she leaned out, her light hair fell about her face.

"I've taken the Spinner place," whispered Jo, "and used grandfather's money to stock it. I felt as strong as fifty men, but if you should refuse to marry me, I should be as weak as a cat."

This was the way Jo proposed; and Salome just put out her hands to him, and for one moment her face was out of sight. The robin went on singing, and a tree bough showered down bright drops on Salome's hair, and the early roses began to blow, and good moist smells came from every thing there, over the happy girl's shoulders, was a rainbow spanning the dark cloud, which seemed to promise that there had come an end to HARD TIMES.

THE MISFORTUNE OF A PRINTER.—Some years ago, when the writer was a reporter upon an eastern paper, it devolved upon him to write for the same edition an account of the presentation of a gold-headed cane to the Rev. Dr. Mudge, the clergyman of the place, and the description of a patent dog-killing and sausage machine that had just been put in operation at the factory. Now, what made Dr. Mudge mad was this: The inconsiderate buccaneer who made up the forms got the two locals mixed up in a frightful manner, and when we went to press something like this was the appalling result:

"Several of the Rev. Dr. Mudge's friends called upon him yesterday, and after a brief conversation the unsuspecting dog was seized by the hind legs and slid along a beam until he reached the hot water tank. His friends explained the object of their visit and presented him with a very handsome gold headed butcher who grabbed him by the tail, swung him round, cut his throat from ear to ear, and in less than a minute the carcass was in the water. Thereupon he came forward and said there were times when the feelings overpowered one, and for that reason he would not attempt to do more than thank those around him, for the manner in which so huge an animal was cut into so many fragments was simply astonishing. The doctor concluded his remarks, when the machine seized him, and in less time than it takes to write it the dog was cut into fragments and worked up into delicious sausage. The occasion will long be remembered by the doctor's friends as one of the most delightful of their lives. The best pieces can be obtained for fifteen cents a pound, and we are sure that those who have sat so long under his ministry will rejoice that he has been so handsomely treated."

Mad? Well, about nine o'clock that morning the office had been abandoned by every man but the advertising clerk, and he ascended to the roof and robed himself in boiler iron, so that he could watch the venerable clergyman tearing round there in the street with his congregation, all wearing the panoply of war and carrying butcher knives and things. The next day we explained and apologized, but the doctor stopped his subscription and began to take the rival paper.

LIDN'T UNDERSTAND.—Between Kenosha and Milwaukee an agent of an accident insurance company entered the car, and having issued tickets to several passengers, approached an elderly lady, who, it afterwards appeared, was deaf.

"Madam, would you like to insure against accidents?" inquired the agent, at the same time exhibiting his tickets.

"I got my ticket down to Kenosha."

"Not a railroad ticket, madam. I want to know if you want to insure your life against accidents."

"I'm going to Oshkosh to visit my daughter, who's married up there, and has just got a baby."

The agent raised his voice a little.

"Would you like to insure your life against accidents?"

"She's been married two years and a half and that's the first child. It's a gal."

Agent still louder:

"I'm an assurance agent, madam; don't you want to insure your life against accidents?"

"She's got along first rate, and is doing as well as can be expected."

Agent at the top of his voice:

"I am an *insurance* agent, madam; can't I insure your life against accidents?"

"Oh, I didn't understand you," said the old lady. "No, her name is Johnson; my name is Evans, and I live five miles from Kenosha."

OLD TIME WRITING.—The earliest mode of writing was on bricks, tiles, oyster shells, stones, ivory, bark, and leaves of trees; and from the latter leaves of books are probably derived. Copper and brass plates were early in use, and a bill of divorcement on copper was some years since discovered in India, bearing date one hundred years B. C. Leather was also used, as well as wooden tablets. Then the papyrus came into vogue, and about the eighth century the papyrus was superseded by parchment. Paper, however, is of great antiquity, especially among the Chinese; but the first paper mill in England was built in 1586, by a German, in Kent. Nevertheless, it was nearly a century and a half, namely in 1713, before Thomas Watkins, a stationer, brought paper-making to anything like perfection. The first approach to a pen was the stylus, a kind of iron bodkin; but the Romans forbade its use on account of its frequent and even fatal use in quarrels, and then it was made of bone.—Subsequently reeds, pointed and split, like pens in the present day, were used.

Cambria Freeman.

EBENSBURG, PA.

Saturday Morning, : : Jan. 6, 1872.

THE total-abstinence men are to hold a National Convention at Cleveland on the 22d of February to make nominations for the Presidency and Vice Presidency.

HON. D. J. MORRELL declines being considered a candidate for Governor before the Republican Convention. Of course Daniel feels it in his bones that the next Governor of this State will be a Democrat, and he don't want to be slaughtered.

HON. JAMES P. BARR has been appointed the member of the National Democratic Committee from Pennsylvania, to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Hon. Isaac Heister, of Lancaster. The appointment was made by Hon. W. A. Wallace, Chairman of the State Committee, in accordance with the wishes of the members thereof.

FOR several days we have missed from our table that always sprightly and ever welcome visitor, the New York *Sun*. It is a grievous loss and can only be remedied, since it is the boast of its editor that "the *Sun* shines for all," by its political rays again penetrating and enlivening our now indeed dreary sanctum. The New York *Sun* is one of *the* institutions of the age. Always lively, entertaining and fearless in its discussion of the issues of the day, its sudden taking off, so far as the *Freeman* is concerned, is a calamity not lightly to be borne. Will not the *Sun* permit its light to shine upon us once more? Don't say nay, Mr. Dana!

THE LEGISLATURE met on Tuesday last. In the House William Elliot, radical, of Philadelphia, was elected Speaker and Gen. Selfridge, radical, Clerk. A dead lock exists in the Senate--six ballots for Speaker on Wednesday, resulting each time in a tie vote. The Speaker of the Senate, Mr. Brodhead, before vacating his seat on Tuesday, issued his writ for the election of a Senator in the vacant Philadelphia district, on Tuesday the 30th day of the present month.

P. S. Since the above was written, the Senate has been organized by the election of James S. Rutan, radical, as Speaker. By what manner of compromise this result was brought about, we have not learned. The message of Governor Geary, a very lengthy and very prosy document, will be noticed in detail in our next issue.

ON last Tuesday, Brigham Young, who had just returned from a protracted visit to the Southern part of Utah Territory, was arrested at his residence in Salt Lake City, by a Marshal of the United States, on a charge of murder. He was taken before Judge McKean, who refused to admit him to bail, but permitted him to designate one of his own houses in the city where he might remain a prisoner, under the control of the Marshal, until his case would be taken up by the Court. The indictment against Young charges him and others with having several years ago procured the murder of one Dick Yates. The principal witness for the prosecution is the notorious Bill Hickman. We think that a jury will not be likely to convict Young of this or any other crime on the unsupported testimony of such an unmitigated villian and outlaw as Bill Hickman.

An Estimate of Grant.

Although there does not seem to be any reasonable doubt as to the nomination of Grant, for the simple reason that radicalism feels itself *compelled* to take him, many of the leading republican journals cannot refrain from giving expression to a feeling they entertain towards him which is strongly allied to contempt. Nor is this to be wondered at, since neither the man himself nor his administration have had a parallel in the previous political history of the country. No former President at the end of the third year of his term has ever been so fiercely assailed by prominent newspapers of his own party and held up to public ridicule, as has been the present "intellectual Colossus" of the White House. They desire to cast him aside for some one who is really competent for the position, and yet they feel that they are absolutely powerless to prevent the calamity of his renomination. They protest against it and denounce it for the strongest and most irresistable reasons, at the same time feeling conscious that it is a foregone conclusion. The last *Atlantic Monthly* of Boston, a radical publication, expresses its opinion of Grant and his peculiar ways in a lengthy article from which the following is an extract:

"As a rule, military men are not the stuff to make good statesmen for an unmilitary and commercial society. For the most part they entertain a professional contempt for law, even when they avow their loyalty to it. Of this peculiarity Gen. Grant's administration has given at least one signal illustration. Declaring himself firmly opposed to intervention in the affairs of foreign nations, he has for some time past rasintained a protectorate of San Domingo, which is in reality an illegal war against Hayti, carried on in the teeth of a provision of the Constitution. Again, Gen. Grant seems ignorant of the elementary principles of economical science to the extreme of believing that the chief source of the wealth of this country is to be found in the mines of California. His system of appointments has been unintelligible. Besides all this, he has shown a singular want of delicacy, to say the least, in receiving innumerable presents, and indirectly profiting himself out of Government contracts. To own stock in a commercial enterprise is one thing, but to own stock in a corporation which is daily making valuable contracts with the Departments at Washington is, for the President of the United States, quite another. We do not impugn his honesty. He is, no doubt, innocent of all share in the management of the 'administration quarry,' but such a scandal ought not to be possible. Nevertheless, he is a better candidate than any who is likely to come into the field between now and June."

Bayonet Rule in Illinois.

One of the besetting sins of Grant's administration is his constant resort to the use of the military to suppres either a real or an anticipated disturbance of the public peace. Accustomed to command soldiers and to be implicitly obeyed, and being profoundly ignorant of the rights and duties of the general government and their relation to those of the States, he has an unbounded faith in the supremacy of the bayonet and a supreme contempt for courts and their proceedings. His latest military exploit is an unwarranted intervention by United States troops in the civil affairs of Illinois. Some time after the great fire in Chicago, a few timid and indiscreet citizens of that place, conjuring up before their heated imaginations riots, plundering and all manner of lawlessness, called upon the administration at Washington to station four companies of United States soldiers at or near the city until it should appear that no danger of riotous proceedings existed. The request was of course promptly complied with. Governor Palmer of Illinois, although a republican, has a proper appreciation of the rights and dignity of his State, and feeling aggrieved at this illegal invasion of her soil by Grant's military, informed him on the 20th of November that he did not need the services of his troops in preserving the peace of Chicago and protecting the rights and property of its citizens, and demanded that they should be withdrawn and sent to the army where they properly belong. Governor Palmer's protest has met with contemptuous disregard on the part of Grant, and the troops are still performing police duty in that city. If the Chicago fire can be made a sufficient excuse for resorting to bayonet rule in defiance of the expressed wish of the Governor of the State, the safegnards of the constitution may be trampled under foot by the military power anywhere on equally light and frivolous pretexts. Grant's entire conduct in this matter is wholly indefensible—a sheer usurpation—and is one of the many evidences of how rapidly our government is becoming a military despotism, and how insensible the great mass of the people appear to be to the gradual but certain change. Gov. Palmer has recently called the attention of the Legislature of Illinois to the facts connected with this high-handed proceeding in a special message, from which we make the following extract. The views of the Governor are eminently sound and will command universal appproval:

"It seems to me, from the letters of the President, and the papers laid before the General Assembly, that Gen. Sherman and Lieut. Gen. Sheridan entertain the belief that, under our system of government, it is a part of the duty of the officers of the army of the United States to superintend the administration of the local governments, and that if they are not satisfied with the measure of protection afforded by the States to the persons and property of their own citizens, the officers of the army have the right, at their own discretion, to introduce a part of the army, and, through its agency, afford such additional protection to the people as they may think necessary or proper, and that their right to interpose for that purpose does not depend upon the ability of the States to discharge their duties. There is no other ground upon which the conduct of Gens. Sherman and Sheridan can be placed. No one will pretend that the State of Illinois is not able to enforce its own laws, and protect every person and all the property within its limits; but Gen. Sheridan, in the the exercise of his superintendance of its affairs, was not satisfied with the provisions made by the State for the safety of property and the control of what he is pleased to call 'the turbulent element' in Chicago, and he therefore informed the Adjutant General that 'I am satisfied of the necessity of their (four companies of infantry) presence here, and ask the authority of the Secretary of War to bring them;' and Gen. Sherman, acting upon the same principle, promptly informed him by telegraph that 'four companies of the Eighth Infantry are ordered to Chicago to act as police, under your letter of the 29th.' * * * * * It is due to the dignity of the people of the State that I should say that I cannot consent that the grave and important subjects that I have urged upon the attention of the President shall be decided by an officer of the army; but I must hereafter, as I have done in the past, protest against all interference by the officers of the army in the affairs of this State. I must protest against such interference, because it will establish a precedent dangerous to liberty, because it familiarizes the people with military rule and inspires them with distrust of the capability of civil government to afford them needed protection; and it is now for the representatives of the free people of the State to discharge their duties according to their own convictions and subject to their own responsibilities."

AWFUL BURNING ACCIDENT.—Mrs. Glagier and her daughter, Lillie, lived in the family of Mr. Levi S. Van Etten, a Huguenot, at Port Jarvis, New York. As the family sat down to breakfast on the morning of the 24th ult., the little girl having been left in the sitting room, they were startled by piercing shrieks. Mr. Van Etten and Mrs. Glagier ran at once to the sitting room, and discovered the little girl enveloped in flames, and an English bull dog, belonging to Mr. Van Etten, tearing the burning garments off her with his paws and teeth. He had already taken over half of her clothing off, and it is the opinion of Mr. Van Etten that had he been left alone he would have saved the little girl's life. But Mrs. Glagier, crazed at the sight, rushed forward and clasped her child to her bosom, and held her close, thus baffling the efforts which the faithful dog made, although singed and burned dreadfully himself, to tear off the burning clothing. Mrs Glagier could not be made to release her child until her own clothing was on fire in many places, when the two were torn apart, and the flames upon the mother extinguished by the dog tearing off her clothing, as he had endeavored to do for the child. The little girl was burned almost to a crisp, and lingered in the most intense agony until 2 o'clock Saturday morning. Mrs. Glagier is terribly burned, and lies in a critical condition. The dog that exhibited more than human sagacity in its efforts to save the child, had been her constant companion, having been raised with her, and taught to watch over her. Since the burial of the child occurred, he wanders from room to room as if searching for her, uttering a plaintive whine expressive of his grief. He takes no food, and it is believed he will pine to death.

—Horace Greeley has written a letter to a Missouri editor who had nominated him for the Presidency, in which the philosopher is pleased to intimate that he is not the man the Democrats want, being a ferocious protectionist, and recommends them to take some man like Gratz Brown, or Trumbull, or Gen. Cox, and thus help to pacify and reunite our country anew.

Letter from Ireland--No. 7.

(Correspondence of Cambria Freeman.)

NENAGH, IRELAND, Dec. 9, 1871.

DEAR MAC—If I followed the bent of my inclination I would quit for some weeks to come my descriptive jottings, and send you instead some caustic letters of how the government machine is run in this country by sordid, scheming scalawags, whose whole aim seems to be to crush, with an iron heel, every national, patriotic aspiration, and keep forever the Irish people under the galling, grinding, crushing oppression of devilish, exterminating landlords. But I think I will defer these topics to some future time—perhaps till I get back again under the protection of the "Stars and Stripes." I will now take up the thread of my *discourse* where I left it drop in my last. Going up the knee-breaking hill of Killaloe you pass some neat looking houses, police barracks, post office, etc., till you reach the top, where you find the Catholic Cathedral, an extremely costly edifice, really rich in church architecture. Beautifully stained glass windows, three magnificent, highly-finished altars of genuine Italian marble, richly carved and life-like Stations of the Cross, combine to make this grand edifice an ornament to the Killaloe diocese and a noble testimony of the religious zeal and practical piety of the good people of this old town and neighborhood. Turning to the left as you go up the hill you come to the

OLD CATHEDRAL,

built some twelve hundred years ago by Molua, and within whose sacred walls resounded the voice of the sainted Flannan, the first Catholic Bishop of this diocese.—Like so many other Catholic churches in this country, conquest has turned it over to our dissenting brethren, and it is now used as a Protestant cathedral. The first object that attracted my attention as I entered it was an old monumental tablet to the right, on which is a long Gaelic inscription. Though not being a proficient, I am ashamed to say, in my native language, still I could gleam from it that here was buried Murrough, son of Brian Boru. Murrough fought all day at the memorable battle of Clontarf, and history tells us that his right arm was awfully swollen from the dreadful slaughter he caused by the use of his ponderous battle-axe.—Towards the close of the conflict, two Danish princes rushed on him, when he cleaved in two the first and the next he felled to the ground. The Dane, in his fall, brought Murrough to his knees, and with a dexterous thrust he sent his dagger through Murrough's side, which resulted in his death. It is a curious fact, but nevertheless true, that the masonry of this old monument and church is far more solid, close and substantial, after so many centuries, than any work of the kind put up at the present day. The mortar used in these days must have been more adhesive than what we use in the nineteenth century. Going up the aisle you see the ancient baptismal font and holy water troughs, and several statues and tablets to the memory of departed benefactors. Quite visible are the places where the altars were and ever is a modern stained glass window. About four years ago men were at work laying some pipes through the church floor, when they dug up thirteen skulls and other human remains that must have been buried there over a thousand years ago. To the rear of the church is the old Catholic burial ground. Farther down, to the left, is the splendid residence and demesne of the Protestant Bishop who is paid a salary larger than our President's for doing comparatively nothing. The next place of historical note is the spot on which stood

ROYAL KINCORA,

on a towering eminense, within a short distance of the town. Nothing now remains of the once regal palace of the kingly Boru but a huge mass of crumbling rocky boulders. This once gorgeous residence, the inspiring theme for ancient bards and modern rhymers, was demolished and tumbled into the Shannon, towards the end of the twelfth century, by the godless invaders. The following stanza, written after the death of Boru by MacLiag, I quote from memory:

"Where, O! Kincora, is Brian the Great?
Where is the splendor that once was thine?
Where are the princes and nobles that sate
In thy halls, and drank the red red wine?"

About a mile and a half from Kincora is what is called

BRIAN BORU'S FORT,

which is indeed a curiosity. The raised circular mound is closely planted with trees, which afford in summer time a pleasant shelter to tourists who come to visit this romantic and scenic locality; and in winter remind one of sleepy, bare-armed sentinels waiting to hear sounded the bugle notes of freedom over the hills of old Erin. In the centre of the fort are stone tables and seats, fixed firmly in the earth, for the accommodation of pic-nickers and others who come the way. Any of you mountain fellows who never saw a fort and wish to see one, can do so by taking a run as far as Newark, Ohio, only about three hundred miles from Ebensburg. That is the only place in the States where I have seen anything resembling an Irish fort. The origin of these forts is not very well defined. Some say they were built by the Danes—others that they were constructed, owned and occupied by the *fairies*. Some dreadful stories are told of those who were daring enough to plough or dig up these homes of aerial tenants; how the houses of some were swept away by an awful gust, how others were paralyzed in the arms, and deuce knows all the other frightful calamities which were inflicted on those who dispossessed the inhabitants of fairydom. But I digress. Leaving the old fort, I res traced my steps to Killaloe, crossed the old bridge, and entered Ballina, in

GALLANT TIPPERARY,

the premier county of Ireland—the fruitful mother of poets, patriots, soldiers and orators; poets who have sung in measured verse the wrongs inflicted on motherland by a foreign, craven crew; patriots who have given practical proof of genuine love of country in British bastiles and sealed their devotion on the scaffold; soldiers who have fanned revolution and fought in dire disadvantage the perjured usurpers; and orators who have depicted in the glowing periods of a Demosthenes the good old time of yore, when Erin was as free and untrammeled as the balmy breezes that sweep over her cloud-garlanded hills, and spurred on the impulsive Celts not to tire or cease, but to strive, plot and plan till the bright life-giving sun of Independence would once more shine over a cruelly oppressed, but never subdued, nation!

Ballina is a lively little village, inhabited by enterprising, well-to-do people. Taking a "side car" at Tuohey's livery stable, I started towards Derry Castle, where I expected to see some very dear relatives whom I had not seen since my childhood, (nobody's business to know how long that is.) When I made myself known, I was *fairly smothered* with kisses from my fair cousin Marion and other charming fair ones. When they found that I could not be induced to stay more than a couple of days they at once prepared an impromptu party or ball as a reception of welcome. I intend to devote my next solely to this jolly crowd of gallant Tips and fair *Tipsesses*; so be ready to give an honored corner to the ladies. Accompanied by my dimple-cheeked cousin, who seemed overjayed at my unexpected appearance, I strolled down to the Shannon's side to see old

DERRY CASTLE,

from which this place takes its name. Tho' my fair companion is well read in the history of our country, still she told me she could never glean any authentic account of the origin or history of the now ivy-clad walls of this stately old remnant of what must have been at one time a regal residence. It stands about a rod out in the river, but there is a walk leading to it. We entered by the old door-way and scrambled our way to the small space of green sward on the top. A sight more scenic, more grand, more beautiful, never met my eyes. To our right, as far as the eye could reach, were rich, luxurient landscapes, like gorgeously painted panoramas; the purling, silver-sheeted waters of the placid Loch Derg, dotted here and there with green little islands, flowed silently and steadily along. To the left, in the distance, rose up the old ruins of royal Kincora, reflecting its ancient grandeur in the Shannon's translucid stream; farther on was ancient Killaloe, so full of historic associations; opposite was romantic Ballyvalley and beautiful Tenneranna, sloping down almost to the water's edge; behind were the heather-clad hills of historic Clare, rising up, like stately pines, to the dome of the blue-arched firmament; while, to cap the climax of the scene, the golden-hued sun, casting its last faint flicker on all around, pressed its evening kiss on the ocean's calm lips ere it descended into the vault of night; all, all would require a painter's brush or a poet's pen to do anything like justice to the surpassing and unrivalled scenery.

Friend Mac, after this I think I will cry halt; so I will rein up. I thought I could describe Castle Lough, Portroe, and this town in the present letter, but I have already written too much.

Some copies of the FREEMAN containing my letters have reached me. *O, wirra asthroo!* but it is well for that big or little printer's devil in your office that my boot cannot reach him, for I'd kick his *ears* off for the many blunders he has made in my letters. But perhaps the fault is with the boss of the chebang. If so, please consider yourself duly kicked, and much oblige

Yours, very truly, ERIONACH.

THE NEGRO INSURRECTION.—The subjoined letter from a young man living in Chicot county to his father in Cincinnati will be read with interest, as it gives an unbiased report of affairs which radical papers published at a distance are inclined to make light of:

LAKE VILLAGE, Chicot county, Arkansas, December 19.—*Dear Father:* We are having quite an exciting time here. Cold blooded murder stalks unchecked through the land. All the whites have left town, and the negroes have everything their own way. I cannot help but think that most serious troubles will be the result of the proceedings here. The negroes are organized in military companies, and the worst of all they are led on by white carpet-baggers—one Derry Downs, who holds the position of prosecuting attorney of the county, and James Mason, senator (colored) from this district. Another negro official from Cincinnati, Barbour by name, is also at the head, stirring up things generally. They have guards at every entrance leading into the town, but do not as yet prevent the white men from free passage to and from. The negroes completely gutted Garrett's store, and are at present drawing their supplies from his place, about one mile from town. A detachment of thirty, headed by Downs and Mason, left town yesterday for the hills, hearing that some white men were there gathering to oppose them in their present control of affairs. My companion Alf accompanied Captain Simms and others after them to dissuade them from their purpose, but their efforts proved of no avail.

The party continued on and had not been heard from by sundown last night. This morning I hear their drums beating for roveille. That squad of twenty, if ambushed, or should any of them receive injury in their reconnoitering, will doubtless open the ball, and where it will end the Lord only knows. The whites are beyond question or doubt completely cowed, without power of successful competition. In fact, the influential ones have crossed the Mississippi river to Greenville, and those that remain are not in force sufficient to check the negroes should they start the work of blood and fire. If spared, I will communicate further particulars as events develop themselves. The body of the negro Wynn is still lying in state, in a metallic coffin, at the court house. I know of no other reason for keeping the remains thus publicly exposed, this length of time, than to work up the feelings of the negroes to the highest pitch of excitement.

From your son, NELSON.

STILL LATER.

CINCINNATI, Jan. 2.—A Little Rock special to the *Enquirer* contains a statement from Alfred Sanders, brother of one of the men shot by the negroes in Chicot, Arkansas, corroborating the report of negro outrages at that place. He says that after killing three men, a number of armed negroes went to his brother's house, fired into the doors and windows, demanding one hundred dollars, threatening in case the money was not paid to burn the house. The money was paid. Soon after another party appeared and was paid thirty dollars. Sanders then left the village. He also states that the negroes killed all the stock, mules, horses, and cows, owned by planters in that vicinity. Every person coming or going was challenged by negro guards, who yet remain, and the whites are still afraid to return to their homes.

—THE ALMANAC Publishers complain that their business is destroyed by Ayer's American Almanac. The people prefer it to any other, the Farmer's, Western, Southern, or the numerous local almanacs, when they can get Ayer's. It supplies the best astronomical data, weather and jokes of them all, and above all medical advice which is invaluable for every family. It is supplied gratis by the druggists, and should be preserved for constant refsrance and use. We are sure that no good housekeeper or grandmother goes willingly without one.—Anti Slavery Standard, N. Y.

THERE is, probably, no way in which we can benefit our readers more than by recommending to them for general use *Johnson's Anodyne Liniment*. It is adapted to almost all the purposes of a Family Medicine; and as a specific for coughs, colds, whooping cough, soreness of the chest, lame stomach, rheumatism, spitting of blood, and all lung difficulties, it has no equal that ever we saw or heard of.

THE propriety of giving condition medicine to horses, cattle and sheep, was discussed and admitted by many of the Agricultural Societies throughout the State last Fall, and we believe that in every case but one they decided in favor of *Sheridan's Cavalry Condition Powders*. Good judgment!

—The Right Rev. Thomas Davis, Protestant Episcopal Bishop of South Carolina, who died at Camden, in that State, the other day, was a man of notable parts, and has performed the ministering of his lator years in total blindness, having lost his eye-sight while a missionary in the south.

News of the Week.

—A girl in Utah recently fell dead from lacing too tightly.

—Terrible floods are prevailing in California, Oregon and Nevada.

—A town in New Hampshire has five churches, but not a pastor.

—The Republican National Convention will be held in Philadelphia.

—At least one hundred new post-offices are wanted in Pennsylvania. A good sign.

—The oldest surveyed farm in Bradford county, near the village of Sheshequin, bears date September 24th, 1773.

—A calf was brought forth in Greenwich township, Berks county, recently, which, at two hours old, weighed 115 pounds.

—A young Indianian "proposed" to six young ladies just for fun, and was considerably annoyed by being accepted by all them.

—Archbishop Spalding of Baltimore has been suffering from ill health for some time past and at present is confined to his room altogether.

—The Illinois House of Representatives has adopted by a large majority a bill permitting women to hold offices in the departments of that state.

—Two little boys in Lincoln county, Ky., have been arrested by the Federal authorities under the Ku-klux act for wearing "false faces" and frightening the negroes.

—A small child in Illinois climbed upon a chair to wipe its face on a hanging towel. The chair slipped, and the child catching in the towel was hanged by the neck, and died.

—Three car loads of Japanese silks, valued at $2,000,000, and one hundred and eighty tons of Chinese and Japanese teas, have been forwarded East by rail, from San Francisco, since the 20th.

—B. W. Morgan, the defeated candidate for Mayor of Pittsburgh, has entered a criminal suit for libel against the proprietors of the *Evening Leader*, for articles published against him during the campaign.

—An Iowa City man who owns extensive timber tracts in Louisa county has hired, among his other choppers, an American woman, who cuts and "ranks up" more wood in a day than any workman in the timber.

—By the recent boiler explosion in Baltimore, Wm. Harrington, senior member of the firm, Wm. Jennings, a fireman, and Wm. Clarke an apprentice, were killed, and about ten persons were injured, some of them severely.

—Sarah Rheedy, a girl of 16 or 17 years of age, last week, in the Berks county Court, recovered $2,400 damages from Mrs. Troutman, for having uttered slanderous words against her. The parties live in Tulpehocken township.

—Two Michiganders, W. H. Twiford, of Somerset, and L. Hazen, of Medford, have made arrangements to play a game of chess by mail. They will make about two moves per week, and the game will occupy the entire winter.

—Great snow storms have recently prevailed in the mining regions of Utah, and in some localities the snow is ten and fifteen feet deep on a level. Whole settlements are buried in the snow, and great distress prevails among the inhabitants.

—A fire broke out in a saloon in Monroe, La., at 11 o'clock last Saturday night, and in four hours sixty buildings, including the wealthiest portion of the town, were destroyed. The total loss is nearly $600,000. It is thought that the fire was accidental.

—The largest fire ever witnessed at Little Rock, Arkansas, occurred on Thursday, destroying a whole square of buildings, including two printing offices and many business houses. A number of persons were badly injured by falling timbers, but no lives lost.

—At Kane, Pa., on Thursday morning week, the wife and child of Patrick Burns were found murdered in a barn near their house. An examination proved that the wife had been strangled and the child's skull fractured. Burns has been arrested on suspicion.

—A barrel of buckwheat flour exploded recently at Keokuk, Iowa. A man of science calmly says that the buckwheat was probably wet, and being confined in the barrel, an alcoholic vapor was generated, which ignited as the lid was taken off and a lighted candle brought into contact.

—A report has been telegraphed of a horrible calamity at Floris, Davis county, Iowa. A few nights ago a man, his wife and their four children were burned to death in their shanty, the neighbors not being aroused nor the fire discovered until the next day, when the charred remains of the victims were found in the ashes.

—The man who represents "the people of the United States" as a witness to the burning of cancelled United States Treasury notes, government bonds, postage, and revenue stamps, etc., receives $500 for every burning he witnesses, and as there is always one and sometimes two burnings a day, his office is a profitable one.

—Mrs. Wessert, who, murdered her aged mother-in-law, Mrs. Klauner, on December 24th, in Louisville, Ky., by chopping her head with a hatchet, has been examined in the city court. Physicians thought she was insane from physical derangement at the time she committed the deed. She was admitted to bail in $3,000.

—An exchange says a cat in Fitchburg lay down in a fly-wheel early one morning, and was not discovered until the engine had been running three hours; a dog then detected her and gave the alarm. When the engine was stopped the cat was rescued uninjured, after making sixty revolutions a minute for three hours.

—Dr. D. A. Gosshorn, of Springfield, Whitley county, Ind., went to the residence of a farmer, about two weeks ago, and requested him to permit his daughter, a girl 16 years old, to visit his wife while he was away at Cincinnati attending lectures. The farmer consented and the doctor and the girl left the house, and, it is now supposed, the State together.

CARD ABOUT THE SMALL-POX.—In answer to letters received on this subject, we have to say that not a single case of the disease has occurred in either of our houses.

Under Oak Hall roof we have two hundred and sixty-seven persons, and in the Chestnut street house we have one hundred and ten persons, making altogether three hundred and seventy seven persons, and among all these, from the first day up to the present time, there has not been a single case of the disease.

Any statements to the contrary are false and malicious and intended to injure our business, and we would thank our friends in city or country to send us the names of persons reporting falsehoods of this character.

Since the disease was first noticed in this city it has been greatly exaggerated and people needlessly alarmed.

It is not true that a single street has been boarded up. The mortality in the city has been less in proportion to population than in some of the country towns; and some of the sensational newspapers have gone far beyond the truth in their highly colored statements.—What is true in regard to the employes of our houses we are told is also true of other large houses, and customers need not have the slightest fear in making their usual purchases in the city.

WANAMAKER & BROWN,
Oak Hall Clothing House,
Sixth and Market Streets.
JOHN WANAMAKER & CO.,
Finest Clothing House,
818 and 820 Chestnut street.

Names of the Teachers who Attended the Institute.

Adams tp.—Frank J. Strayer, B. F. Stull, Miss Clara Englebach.

Allegheny tp.—Miss Tillie Glass.

Blacklick tp.—Silas P. Ake.

Cambria bor.—M. Sweeney; Miss Mary J. Devlin, Miss Ellen J. Garvey.

Cambria tp.—Misses Rachel Evans, Hannah Evans, Annie M. Davis, Jennie W. Evans, Mary E. Hughes, Jennie Roberts, Allie Lloyd, Messrs. G. W. Williams, Robt. R. Thomas.

Carrolltown—Wm. C. Severin.

Carroll tp.—Miss Ella Wharton, J. L. Brendlinger.

Conemaugh bor—John W. Trabert, Miss Mary Griffin, Michael A. Wesner.

Clearfield tp.—Miss Mary Kantner.

Croyle tp.—Daniel W. Luke, Dr. John C. Luke.

Chest tp.—Miss Kate Savage.

Ebensburg—Geo. Marsden, Hartman Berg T. J. Chapman, C. S., Mrs. Jane C. Clark, Misses Ellen Lewis, Mollie E. Davis, Claudia Evans.

East Conemaugh—J. A. Harrold.

Gallitzin tp.—Miss Annie M'Mullin.

Johnstown—Geo. W. Cope, W. P. Davis, Geo W. Philippi, John R. Hykes, Misses Sadie Hunt, Minnie Douglass, M. Brockebanke, L. Honsholder, Rose Quinn, Mary J. Hughes, R. A. Wilson, Jennie G. Hendricks, F. Emma McCague, Annie Zech, Mary Gageby, Mary A. Shephard, Agnes Myers, Columbia A. Horne.

Jackson tp.—Misses Mary E. Jones, Mary Davis.

Loretto—Frank D. Storm.

Millville—John Peckman, W. A. Krise, F. S. Maloy, Misses Kate G. Young, Ellen Quinn, Linnie Lardin, Mary Roach, Maggie L. Davis.

Munster tp.—Miss Mary E. Downey.

Prospect—Miss Rachel M'Coy.

Richland tp.—Thomas R. Marshall, J. L. Bomgardner.

Summerville—J. W. Condon, Esq.

Susquehanna tp.—Lewis J. Bearer.

Taylor tp.—Miss Fannie A. Prosser, J. C. M'Featers.

Washington tp—Wm. M'Gough, James Itel, Misses Isabella M'Keever, Mary McGough.

Wilmore—T. M. Oster.

Woodvale—S. B. M'Cormick, Esq.

Yoder tp.—Albert B. Torrence.

Aphonia, or Loss of Voice.

This is another of that pestilential brood of diseases which make way so speedily with human life and make it wearisome—not that it is a fatal malady unless it be connected with diseased lungs, when danger of the most fearful kind may be seriously apprehended; that loss of voice which usually affects the larynx and vocal cords, so common among those who have much speaking to do, is not usually of a dangerous or fatal nature, any more than any other diseased condition is dangerous; but when it is a consequence of diseased lungs and consumption, whose inflammatory borders are investing the mucous lining of the lungs and throat, then it points with almost a fatal finger to a state that ought at once to be remedied. Much better, truly, if it had been cured before it had spread so far, but having spread, there is still hope. DR. KEYSER'S LUNG CURE may yet reach the disease, which it surely would have done in the beginning. It will remove from the system all morbid matter which keeps up irritation and disease, and will aid the stomach to make plastic material to repair the wasting organism. Read Dr. Keyser's treatise on chronic lung diseases, which will be sent without charge wherever it is ordered. Price of Lung Cure, $1.50, or 4 bottles for $5. If your druggist does not keep it, order from Dr. Keyser, 107 Liberty street, Pittsburgh. Office hours from 10 A. M. until 1 P. M. and from 3 until 6, and Saturday night until 9 o'clock.

—Later advices from Rutland, Vermont, in reference to the horrible Christmas affray in East Arlington, are received, though the particulars are, as yet, few and incomplete. It appears that John Hannah, Elward Ralter and Frank Burke went on the afternoon of the 25th to the saloon or "grocery" of Farwell & Lawrence, in East Arlington, and, after drinking quite heavily, got into a quarral with the proprietor, who, as they say, in self-defense shot all three of the men, Hannah probably fatally. Timothy Maloney, of Glashewbury, who had inopportunely entered the store to make a purchase, while the fight was progressing, turned to leave as soon as he perceived the state of affairs, but was shot in the back and has since died. The saddest feature of the terrible affair was the shooting of Farwell's little son, aged eight years. He was standing near his father, and was accidentally shot by him while reloading the revolver. The whole transaction was of an exceedingly brutal and barbarous character, and the citizens are much excited about it.

POEMS FOR THE MILLION.—FRANCIS S. SMITH, of the NEW YORK WEEKLY, has just issued his long promised volume of poems. The popularity which they secured in the widely circulated paper just named induced the author's admirers to suggest their publication in a more handy and enduring form. This has been accomplished, and in a neatly printed and elegantly bound volume of 250 pages the public may secure the gems of this poet of the people. Every bookseller and newsdealer will furnish it. Price, $1.50. The trade supplied by the American and New York News Companies.

REMOVAL AND ENLARGEMENT.

COOKING STOVES, HEATING STOVES.

TIN, COPPER & SHEET-IRON WARE.

Having recently taken possession of the newly fitted up and commodious building on High street, two doors east of the Bank and nearly opposite the Mountain House, the subscriber is better prepared than ever to manufacture all articles in the TIN, COPPER and SHEET-IRON WARE line, all of which will be furnished to buyers at the very lowest living prices.

The subscriber also proposes to keep a full and varied assortment of

Cooking, Parlor and Heating Stoves

of the most approved designs.

☞ SPOUTING and ROOFING made to order and warranted perfect in manufacture and material. REPAIRING promptly attended to.

All work done by me will be done right and on fair terms, and all STOVES and WARE sold by me can be depended upon as to quality and cannot be undersold in price. A continuance and increase of patronage is respectfully solicited, and no effort will be wanting to render entire satisfaction to all.

VALLIE LUTRINGER.

Ebensburg, Oct. 13, 1870.-tf.

Geis & Foster,

Nos. 113 and 115 Clinton Street.

Johnstown, Pa.

invite the attention of buyers to their large and elegant stock of

FALL AND WINTER GOODS!

CONSISTING OF

DRY GOODS, DRESS GOODS,
MILLINERY GOODS, FANCY GOODS,
CARPETS, OIL CLOTHS, &c., &c.,

AT EVERY PRICE!

1872. THE AGE. 1872.

Prepare for the Presidential Campaign

CIRCULATE the DOCUMENTS.

Now is the Time. Get up Clubs at Once
Vigilance and Energy in the Present
Gives Bonds of Assurance of
Success in the Future.

THE AGE is the firm and earnest advocate of Democratic principles as declared by the founders of the Republic and embodied in its institutions. To defend and maintain them is its constant aim, and it is the persistent and vigilant advocate of reform, general and municipal. It has sought no alliance with any religious or class interests; it has been subject to no control but its own judgment, and has labored, without fear or favor, for the general good.

While no expenditure is spared in any of the channels of newspaper enterprise, the AGE is aided by no official patronage, and relies entirely upon subscriptions and support of individual Democrats, who would maintain the principles of their party, and of intelligent opponents who desire to see men and measures freely canvassed and bear both sides of public questions. For this reason many deem that free and fearless discussion by the press is now the best defense of the interest of every citizen, against fraud, peculation and injustice.

THE DAILY AGE

contains *the latest intelligence* from all parts of the world, with articles on Government, Politics, Trade, Finance, and all the current questions of the day; Reports of Meetings, Lectures, Addresses, Prices Current, Stock Quotations, Marine and Commercial Intelligence; Reports of Public Gatherings, Foreign and Domestic Correspondence, Legal Reports, Book Notices, Theatrical Criticisms, Reviews of Literature, Art and Music, Agricultural Matters, and Miscellanies of whatever nature, of permanent interest or temporary importance. Besides special telegrams, it has *all the dispatches of the Associated Press from every part of the World.*

THE AGE is the only Democratic morning paper in Philadelphia in the English language, and is therefore one of the best mediums for Advertising.

THE WEEKLY AGE

Combines Literature with News of the day. In its columns are Stories, Poetry, Discussions for Ladies and Children, Agricultural, Horticultural, Sunday Reading, &c.

The WEEKLY AGE is acknowledged to be the best Family Journal printed in Philadelphia.

NOW IS THE TIME.

The beginning of the New Year is a good time to subscribe for a newspaper, and to subscribe for THE AGE is a good beginning of the New Year. Our terms to subscribers and clubs are furnished below. We ask our friends, and we address every reader as one of them, to assist us in our constant efforts to increase our usefulness, enlarge our circulation, and maintain the ever-existing struggle for the rights of the people against the encroachments of power, "which is always stealing from the many to the few."

TERMS OF THE DAILY AGE:

One year, by mail $10
Six months 5.00
Three months 2.50

For any period less than three months, at the rate of ONE DOLLAR per month.

Payment required invariably in advance.

The postage on the DAILY AGE is fifteen cents per quarter, or one dollar and twenty cents per annum, if pre-paid at the office of delivery.

TERMS OF THE WEEKLY AGE:

One copy, one year $2.00
Ten copies 15.00
Twenty copies 28.00
Fifty copies 65.00

The following reduced rates will be charged when *all the papers ordered* are sent to one person, and not addressed severally to the members of the club:

Twenty copies $20.00
Fifty copies 45.00

One copy will be furnished gratis for getting up a club of twenty, or more, at these rates.

A copy of the DAILY AGE will be furnished gratis for getting up a club of fifty.

The above terms will be rigidly adhered to and NO NOTICE WILL BE TAKEN OF A SUBSCRIPTION UNTIL PAID IN ADVANCE.

Active and reliable Traveling Agents are authorized to receipt for us.

The postage on THE WEEKLY AGE is five cents per quarter, or twenty cents per annum, to be prepaid in all cases at the office of delivery.

Specimen copies sent free on application.

Subscriptions can commence with any No. of a Volume. Address, PETER A. BROWN & BROTHER, Nos. 14 and 16 South SEVENTH St., Philad'a.

LADIES' FANCY FURS!

JOHN FARELLA,
716 Arch St.,
Middle of the block, between 7th & 8th Sts., South Side,
PHILADELPHIA,
Importer, Manufacturer and Dealer in all kinds and qualities of
FANCY FURS
For Ladies' and Children's dress wear.

Having imported a very large and well assorted stock of all the different kinds of Furs from first hands in Europe, and have had them made up by the most skillful workmen, would respectfully invite the readers of this paper to call and examine his very large and beautiful assortment of *Fancy Furs for Ladies and Children*, which I am determined to sell at as low prices as any other respectable House in this city. All Furs warranted. *No misrepresentation in fact or sales.*

JOHN FARELLA,
Oct. 21.-3m. 716 ARCH STREET, PHILAD'A.

T. D. CASEY, late of Robert Woods & Co.
JAMES CASEY. C. E. FOGARTY.

CASEY, FOGARTY & CO.,
WHOLESALE DEALERS IN
MONONGAHELA & OLD RYE WHISKY,
AND ALL KINDS OF
DOMESTIC LIQU

Cambria Freeman.

SATURDAY, : : : : JAN. 6, 1872.

LOCAL AND PERSONAL.

REMEMBER—That $1.75 will pay for the FREEMAN for one year—that $3 will pay for two copies, one to an old and one to a new subscriber—that $3 will pay for the Harrisburg PATRIOT and the FREEMAN conjointly in clubs of twenty, all old subscribers, or $2 75 for both papers when ten of the club are new subscribers, and an extra copy of each paper to the getter-up of the club—that $6 will get both the WEEKLY AGE and the FREEMAN for one old and one new subscriber—that $2.25 will get the STAR SPANGLED BANNER, (monthly,) the FREEMAN, and a beautiful chromo, or that $4 will get Wood's HOUSEHOLD MAGAZINE and the FREEMAN for one old and one new subscribers. So take your choice, friends, and send on your money right away, for the present month is the accepted time. Don't put off until to-morrow what should be done to day.

Raps and Mishaps at and near Home.

—There are at present three persons in Bedford jail awaiting trial for murder.

—The days are getting longer, but it is hard to see the elongation unless you consult the almanac.

—The second week of January is to be observed as a week of prayer by all evangelical denominations.

—The well written local letter of "Solon," Wilmore, would have found a welcome place had it come in time. Try again.

—A young man named Thomas Graham was crushed to death, a few days ago, by a fall of slate in a coal bank near Smicksburg, Indiana county.

—Mr. T. T. Spence, photographic artist, has taken Himself to Indiana county for a brief stay in the picture-taking way. So, good bye, Tom—don't stay long.

—Mr. H. J. Crouse was considerably burned about the eyes and forehead by an explosion of molten zinc, at the Ebensburg Foundry, a few days ago, but fortunately escaped without serious injury.

—A telegraphic dispatch received here on Thursday last, announced the death that morning, at Sinnemahoning, Luzerne county, of Mr. William O'Keefe, a former well known and much respected citizen of this place. His age was about 60 years.

—A man named Charles Rose, residing in Somerset county, recently walked fifty miles in twelve hours, and carried a healthy baby in his arms all the way. He is 53 years of age, and offers to do a hundred miles, unencumbered with the youngster, in 21½ hours.

—Hon. J. W. Dickerson, member elect to the Legislature from the Bedford district, and formerly School Superintendent of that county, died in Bedford borough on the 26th ult. He was received into the Catholic Church by Rev. A. J. Brown a short time before his death.

—Miss Alice Cunningham, while on her way from church at Carrolltown to her home in Chest township, on Sunday last, was thrown from a sled and sustained the fracture of one of her arms near the shoulder. Dr Oatman reduced the fracture and she is now doing well.

—An unknown man was struck by the second Cincinnati Express east on Sunday evening last, near Lilly's Station, and knocked some fifty feet from the track. He was not found for an hour or two after, and when found life was extinct. Lilly's Station against the world for railroad accidents.

—It affords us pleasure to chronicle the appointment of our worthy friend, Mr. Martin Wills, formerly of Hollidaysburg, to the position of General Foreman, of the Philadelphia and Erie Railroad shops at Sunbury—an appointment that was eminently fit to be made. Martin has our best wishes for his continued prosperity.

—We note with sincere regret the death on Saturday last of the wife of our much esteemed friend, E. B. M'Crum, Esq., one of the editors of the Altoona Tribune. She was a most exemplary wife and mother, and a consistent and devoted member of the Methodist Church, in the profession of which faith she died hopeful of a happy eternity.

—Two lads named Focht and Bowman were out huning rabbits in Franklin township, Huntingdon county, on the 23d ult., when the gun of the former was discharged by some accident, the load, shooting off the ends of two of his fingers and penetrating the abdomen of young Bowman, wounding him so terribly that death ensued in three days after.

—There is one man in town, if report be true, who will not likely undertake in the future, as in the past, to carry whiskey to a certain shop for the mutual use of himself and the owner thereof. A poker in the hand (not hands) of the indignant wife of the party of the second part has probably knocked the whiskey-toting prospensity out of him for all time to come.

—Two gentlemen, one a democrat and the other a republican, and both occupying prominent positions in political and social life, remarked to each other on the presentation by us of their respective bills, a few days ago, that they esteemed it not only a duty but a pleasure to pay the printer on sight, for they well knew no man earned his money more faithfully or needed it more urgently. Noble sentiments worthy of honorable gentlemen! A thousand or two such READE-RS of the FREEMAN is the HITE of our ambition.

—Col. B. McDermitt, late Steward of the Poor House, has this week removed with his family to his own dwelling house it this borough, and Mr. Isadore Lilly, the new appointee, has taken his place. Col. McDermitt and his estimable wife were kind and faithful in the discharge of their arduous duties to the paupers under their care, and we feel sure that those unfortunates will rise up and call them blessed. We hope for the new Steward and his worthy family a like creditable record, and we feel sure they will make it.

—J. Blair Moore, Esq., a gentleman well known here, delivered a most eloquent, pleasing and interesting lecture on "The Genius of Shakspeare," at the Court House in this place, on Wednesday evening of last week, but, to the discredit of our people be it said, the lecturer did his talking to "a beggarly account of empty benches"—or nearly so. We have never listened to a more scholarly production, or one so replete with true poetic gems, and we trust that Mr. M. will nowhere else lack a befitting audience to appreciate his efforts. His subject and his manner are both worthy of a generous recognition.

KILLED IN THE WOODS.—Mr. Mark McGuire, of Gallitzin township, one of our most valued subscribers and a gentleman greatly respected wherever known, was instantly killed, on the 28th ult., while engaged in chopping cord wood, in a piece of woods not far from his own residence. A correspondent of the Herald gives the following particulars of his shocking death:

* * * While in the woods cutting cord-wood, he lodged a tree on a red oak sapling, bending it into a half circle. This sapling caught on another and leaned it against the oak, pressing it heavily outward. As he proceeded to cut the oak out of his way, not being a practical wood-chopper, he unfortunately stood at the outside of it and cut the under side first, which prevented it from splitting, and then cut it off at the upper side, when it flew up, striking him on the side of the neck, throwing him several feet in the air, breaking his neck and killing him instantly, as was evident from the fact that he had moved neither hand nor foot after striking the snow. His wife, becoming fearful that something had happened him, some time after dark made search and found him as above stated. The deceased leaves a wife and six small children to mourn his untimely death. He was a loving husband and a kind and indulgent parent.

ANOTHER.—On Friday, Dec. 22d, a man named Elliot King was killed in a manner similar to the above, while making timber in the vicinity of the Cherry Tree, Indiana county. A limb from a tree he had cut down broke off in consequence of coming in contact with another tree, and falling on Mr. King's head, crushed in the skull in a shocking manner, and caused death in a short time after. A man named Smyers, who was with him, wrapped the dying man in his coat and started for assistance, but when the party reached Mr. King he was found some distance further down the hill, where he had crawled, but life was extinct.

Local Correspondence.

JOHNSTOWN, January 2, 1872.

DEAR FREEMAN—The cold weather at the "Institute" so congealed the fellocut, aqueous fluid of intellect as to disqualify me for the duty of reporter, and I certainly would have been transformed to some beautiful tree, or bird, or temple, on a pane of glass, had it not been for the exhilarating letter of "M. P. M.," who reported the proceedings of the Institute. Who is "M. P. M."? Did he come over the water? And is he another germ that was preserved from annihilation in the MAYFLOWER? I was taught when young that nobody ever came to this country only those who came on that CANNIE boat. But I don't believe it now. Indeed, I doubt whether one individual now existing can trace his origin to that wonderfully exalted water fowl. Who then can "M. P. M." be? He is no Anglo-Saxon! Not he. But no difference. He is a gentleman and a scholar.

We were at the opening of the present term of the District Court, and heard Judge Potts charge the Grand Jury, which was one of the most eloquent, pointed and practical addresses of the kind ever delivered. There will be a vast amount of business transacted at this court during the present term.

The life of Hon. Roger B. Taney, late Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, will be issued in a few days by Murphy & Co., Baltimore, Md. Every family in the country ought to have this book. We have seen a letter written to Mr. M. P. Meagher, book agent, Johnstown, who is authorized to take subscriptions, and to sell the work. Mr. Meagher is a very obliging gentleman, and we hope he may have great success in selling the "Life" of one of the greatest men that ever lived.

We were in the Smoky City the other day, and the Fast Line brought us home in two hours. We thought this was fast driving, but the conductor said that they could beat that ten miles an hour. Merchants in the city informed us that the dread of small pox had greatly injured their fall trade. We are sorry for this, for not one in one thousand was afflicted with that disease. We rejoice to know that the disease has greatly abated, and that the danger is over.

The ice harvest here is past and gone. The crop was secured without any loss from rain or damp weather. Enough of ice has been housed to make a new north pole, should some sweeping comet carry the old one away, which is not at all probable.

Christmas and New Year's came and went as of yore. The weather was mild for the season. Turkeys have chased to gobble and everybody is at work again. We were highly complimented on the Saturday night before Christmas by the presence at our dwelling of the Johnstown Glee Club, composed of eight persons, six of whom are old pupils of ours.—They sang six pieces in unequalled style. We seldom hear such good singing. Indeed, we have often paid our way to the theatre to hear singing much inferior to that performed by our serenaders. The names of the Club are Harry Bennett, S. H. Brown, Daniel Bosley, Jacob Levergood, George Carroll, Joseph Johnston, and Adam and Theodore Fockler—all of whom have our sincere thanks for the compliment. We were also made the recipient of a watch chain, a breast pin and a cane, by the pupils of Woodvale school, for which they have our sincere thanks.

We trust that your subscribers, I mean those who have large hearts, remembered you during the holidays. The printer is never half paid for his labor. He sells the printed sheet for but little more than he pays for the blank one, and then he pays cash in advance. He picks up the type, one by one, like the farmer would pick Spanish needles from his clothes, till his entire columns are filled up. He buys ink and press and oil and light. He rents his house and his office, and pays in advance. He finds himself and buys his own clothes. He pays his jours and apprentices every Saturday—in short he is a good, industrious, honest, deserving, useful man. Why, then, shouldn't he be paid like other people? We hope the readers of the FREEMAN will begin the new year by paying for their paper in advance, and trust you may obtain a thousand new subscribers—not on trust.

We cannot say much in regard to the state of health in town just now. We believe that all kinds of disease is on the decrease, and that soon people will enjoy their wonted health.—There is nothing of importance to report—nothing that would interest your readers. Should anything important occur, I may write again. Yours, ROB ROY.

SUMMERHILL TWP., Jan. 1, 1872.

DEAR FREEMAN—Doubtless your readers have long since concluded that "Soltero" had "pulled up stakes" and betaken himself to some more genial clime. However, your local department has not suffered any by my absence from type; your valuable correspondent, "Vag" and "Erionach" having of late made your columns highly interesting indeed. Long may they flourish!

Affairs in this bailiwick have had for the past few months, to use a "Billingsism," too much nameness about them to be of interest to your readers. Hence my silence.

The general health of the community has been better this fall and winter than it has for years, the only exception worthy of note being that of Mr. Joseph Gawden's family, of which three members have died within the past few weeks—victims of that dreadful disease, diphteria—and two or three more are now lying in a critical condition.

Our schools have been in running order for some time, though with what degree of efficiency I am not prepared positively to say, in fact I do not put myself to the trouble of inquiring about them, my opinion in regard to the public school system being anything but complimentary to that institution.

The weather of late has been variable, with a prospect of still further variations of the elements for some time to come. We are now enjoying (with what degree of pleasure we leave your readers to imagine) the most disagreeable weather and the muddiest roads we have had for an unspecified length of period.

A slight collision occurred on last Sunday morning on the P. R. R., near Wilmore. It appears that a few freight cars became detached from a train ascending the mountain and ran into a train following, the engineer of which, in jumping off, sustained very serious injuries. His name I did not learn.

By the way, I noticed in a late number of the FREEMAN an account of a potato pit which contained one hundred bushels, and was said to be the daddy of all the potato pits in this county. To the latter proposition I object, as we ourselves have two of that dimensions; and we are not by any means an exception in this neighborhood.

This is the first of January, 1872—the commencement of a new year which for many of your readers will be the last. One year hence you may not be reading my poor effusions, or I may not be writing any more. What changes have not taken place within the past year, and who knows what is to happen in the coming year? But, I will not longer dwell on this topic. It is a poor picture which is all shade or all sunshine, and we will turn to the sunny side and hope for the best. And now, my friends, that you may spend this year happily and have the pleasure before its close of seeing our beloved country delivered from its present thrall, long to enjoy the blessings of peace and plenty, is the earnest wish of SOLTERO.

VICK'S FLORAL GUIDE.—We are indebted to the publisher, James Vick, Esq., of Rochester, N. Y., for a copy of this beautiful annual for 1872. It is a most elegant and beautiful specimen of typography, and in every respect superior to any that has preceded it. The first addition of Two Hundred Thousand copies just published. It is elegantly printed on fine tinted paper, in two colors, and illustrated with over Three Hundred Engravings of Flowers and Vegetables, and a fine portrait of Mr. Vick, and two Colored Plates. The most beautiful and instructive catalogue and floral guide in the world—112 pages, giving thorough directions for the culture of flowers and vegetables, ornamenting grounds, making walks, &c. A Christmas present for my customers, but forwarded to any who apply by mail, for ten cents, only one quarter the cost. Address, JAMES VICK, Rochester, N. Y.

COMMUNICATION.

JOHNSTOWN, Jan. 1, 1872.

Editor of the Freeman—In your issue of Dec. 23d I notice a communication signed "M.P.M.," to a single paragraph of which I have a few words to say in reply. The author of that communication, in what he intended should be a very severe and sarcastic criticism of my reading of "Shamus O'Brien," takes occasion to say that I pronounced the word "priest" as though spelled *prashte*. This is not true. I did not so pronounce it. I pronounced it *preast*, and with due respect for the Irish people, I do aver that any one who comes in contact with them will hear it so pronounced every day. Of course I do not pretend to say that all Irishmen pronounce it in this way. All Englishmen do not say "orse," nor do all Yankees say "hoss," but these peculiarities are quite common among both, and it would be simply ridiculous to assume that because a reader imitates them when necessary, he gives cause for offense. All Irishmen do not of course pronounce with exactly the same peculiarities. There are different degrees of what your correspondent, "M. P. M.," calls *brogue*. My brogue may not have been in strict accordance with *his*, but, in regard to that, I have only to say that, in preparing my reading, I did not take him for my model.

Samuel Lover, the author of the poem, "Shamus O'Brien," was a thorough Irishman, born in Dublin, and entirely familiar with the peculiarities both in manner and speech of his countrymen. He was the author of a number of works, among which may be mentioned "Legends and Stories of Ireland" and "Popular Tales and Legends of Ireland," in the latter of which, if I mistake not, the poem under consideration finds a place. The fact that he wrote the poem to be read in the language of the Irish peasantry, and finds that they do in many cases to depend upon "the brogue," is sufficient to vindicate my reading against the objections of your correspondent. Notice the words in *Italics* in the following lines:

Jist afther the war, in the year '98,
As soon as the boys *wor* all scattered and *bate*,
'Twas the custom, whenever a *pleant* was got,
To bring him by *night*—*bartin'* the *throth* was shot.
There was *thrial* by jury *goin'* on by daylight,
And the martial law *hangin'* the *latins* by night.
* * * * * * * * *
An' twelve *sodgers* brought him to Maryborough jail,
An' the turnkey *resaved* him, *refusin'* all bail,
The fleet limbs *wor* chained, an' the *sthrong* hands *wor* bound,
An' he laid down his length on the *could* prison ground.
* * * * * * * * *
An' whiskey was *sellin'* and cassamuch too,
An' *ould* men and young women enjoying the view.
An' *ould* Tim Mulvanoy he *med* the remark,
There wasn't *sich* a sight since the time of Noah's ark.
An' he *guessy* 'twas *thrue* for him, for *divil sich* a *scrage*,
Sich diversheu and crowds was known since the deluge.

In addition to the words in *Italics* above, where the "brogue" is indicated by the spelling, there are others in the extracts, and many others in the poem, the peculiar pronunciation of which can not be so indicated. Of this class are all such words as "remark," "ark," "heart," "cart," etc. The reader must read such words with "the brogue," for, as in such cases it is impossible to indicate it, it is fair to presume the intentions of the poet from the fact that he indicates brogue by the spelling whenever it is possible to do so. "Shamus O'Brien" *must* be read with "the brogue." Without it, the poem would be like the play of Hamlet with Hamlet omitted. Every line of the poem is a proof of this and a refutation of the silly charge of mimickry which your correspondent raises.

Very Truly Yours, J. FRANK CONDON.

NEW YORK WORLD.—Next week we will insert the Prospectus of THE WORLD for 1872. Under its present able and efficient management THE WORLD is without an equal among the political journals of the country. The ability displayed in its editorial columns is of the very highest character—indeed, we may safely assert, unequalled by any other paper—while its success in having before the country early, and most reliable intelligence from all parts, not only of our own country, but of foreign nations, has given it a marked and distinguished prominence among leading American newspapers. Although THE WORLD has sometimes been in advance of decided sentiment in certain great questions of public policy, and its course on such occasions has been sharply criticized, yet the result has generally proven the wisdom and safety of its counsels. It has always been the fearless and outspoken foe of fraud and corruption, and wherever found to exist in the ranks of its own party, as was the case recently with certain democratic officials in the city of New York. The impending struggle for the next Presidency will soon commence in earnest and THE WORLD will play a most conspicuous and important part in the campaign, it ought to be in the hands of every democrat who wishes fully to understand the merits of the controversy. It offers the greatest inducements for the formation of clubs for its Semi-Weekly and Weekly editions, which we trust will be largely embraced.

FROM THE ALTAR TO THE GRAVE.—A lady correspondent who promises to send us in the future all the news of her neighborhood, which will be gladly accepted, furnishes the following brief but saddening details of the most lamentable and unexpected death of a worthy young man who had just taken upon himself the duties of a husband, and whose sudden death has fallen with crushing weight upon the heart of his virgin bride and has brought a deep feeling of sorrow to all who enjoyed his acquaintance:

Married, at the Summit, December 19th, by Rev. Father Hackett, Mr. Albert Flor to Miss Philomena Egar. On the evening preceding the wedding day Mr. Flor was taken ill, and on the morning of his marriage he was scarcely able to go to the church. Immediately after the nuptial ceremony had been performed the bridal party hastened to the residence of the bride's mother, where Mr. Flor was forced to take his bed, from which he did not recover. He lingered in great distress and pain until Saturday evening, when he calmly breathed his last. His heart-broken young bride and widow has the heartfelt sympathy of the entire community. M.

Three Whole Months on Trial.

Our readers have, doubtless, all heard of the "People's Monthly" of Pittsburgh—gotten up for the *people*—and *now* the *only* illustrated paper of any *size* or *pretensions* out of New York. Its publishers are so willing to have it fairly tested, that they offer to send this *pure*, bright and cheery paper for the *home*, for *three months* for only *twenty-five cents*, or *less than cost*. It should be in every Western home where there are growing children. Its interest and popularity are best shown by its wonderful growth, it having sold nearly 15,000 of the Christmas number. It is beautiful in appearance, and *crowded*, with live, *original* and interesting reading matter, and *good* illustrations—*nothing mean, common, or shabby about it*. Price $1.50 per year. Send twenty-five cts., with careful address, to "People's Monthly," No. 84 Fifth Avenue, Pittsburgh. *"Seeing is believing."*

IN BRIEF.—To the generous consideration of our readers when out shopping we commend all our advertising patrons, and especially those well known and exceedingly worthy merchants, Messrs. Jas. J. Murphy and S. J. Hess, dealers in clothing, etc., Cohen & Brother, hats, caps, etc., and John J. Murphy, dry goods, etc., all of Johnstown; Messrs. C. T. Roberts, clocks, watches, jewelry, fancy goods, etc., V. S. Barker, dry goods and groceries, Geo. Huntley, stoves, tinware, hardware, groceries, etc., E. L. Mills, dealer in flour, feed, and like commodities, all of Ebensburg. These gentlemen are all obliging and liberal in their dealings with their customers, sell fully as cheap as any of their neighbors, and deserve to be well patronized by all persons wishing to buy what they have for sale. Don't forget them and you will never regret it.

NEWS BOYS' DINNER.—John W. Pittock, Esq., editor of the Pittsburgh *Leader*, has our sincere thanks for his kind invitation to attend the "News Boys' Dinner" on New Year's day, the thirteenth annual feast of the kind served up by the philanthropic gentleman named to the news-boys and boot-blacks of that city, numbering now upwards of three hundred needy little urchins. Mr. Pittock has a heart as big as a barn door, and we are really sorry that want of time prevented our attendance on the above occasion, as we would gladly go that distance to take such a public spirited gentleman by the hand, if not to enjoy the many good things so generously provided by this noble benefactor of his race. Long live John W. Pittock and his sprightly, ever welcome little daily, the Pittsburgh *Leader*.

PROMPT, STRAIGHTFORWARD, HONORABLE.—Foremost among the firms of the country are Hunter & Co., the well-known publishers and booksellers, of Hinsdale, N. H. Established there for a dozen years they have built up a character for honesty and fair-dealing which secures a continually increasing business. Our readers in need of Books, Cards, Prints, Photographs, Diaries, Games, Albums, Stationery, Novelties or Notions, either wholesale or retail, or in fact in need of ANYTHING in the above line, should send stamp for catalogue to HUNTER & CO., Hinsdale, N. H.

VERY IMPORTANT—*Read This.*—Our next door neighbor, M. L. Oatman has adopted the cash system, and will hereafter sell goods strictly for cash and at much lower prices than any other establishment in town. He invites the particular attention of everybody to the big change in prices brought about by the adoption of the cash plan.

MONEY FOUND.—A middle aged, fine looking man, with heavy beard and moustache, while going down High street, near No. 100, the other day, put his hand in his pocket and pulled out his pocket book and found money in it which he saved in buying at M. L. Oatman's cheap store since that gentleman has adopted the cash system.

SEASONABLE BARGAINS.—You can buy Cast Iron Sled Soles at 3½ cents per pound, and the best city made Sleigh Baskets at $6.25 and $6.50, at Benton & Wayne's Hardware Store, Johnstown, Pa. [Dec. 2.-6t.]

[ORIGINAL.]

THE FAIRY QUEEN.

BY ROB ROY.

[There being a spirit of rivalry existing between "ROB ROY" and Prof. S. B. M'CORMICK, the former has sent us his "Fairy Queen," which was first read before the Teachers' Institute, and right gladly we present it to our readers. In our next we will publish *the* "Fairy Queen," as written by Prof. M'CORMICK and read by him at the Institute.—ED.]

Once on a time, when I was a boy
About twelve, with a face all beaming with joy,
I was anxious to know how people got married;
So at the church door one morning I tarried
As I saw a groom and his beautiful bride
Pass into the entrance, by each other's side,
And go to the altar, quite up the aisle,
While I only peeped in the door with a smile;
But I could no more hear a word that was said
Than I could had I sat on the tomb of the dead.
The groom he came out along with his bride,
And I followed after quite dissatisfied.

Then I asked my mother to post me—tell how
People got married—if they made a bow?
Or said any words? or took any oath?
And she said that they did do all of them, both;
Then she gave me a book and told me to read
All about it; to which I most quickly agreed.

Years after it happened that my Uncle John
Had a chopping, and therefore he called upon
The boys to assemble, each one with an axe,
To chop, while the girls they would scutch out
the flax.
And, to tell you the truth, we had a fine day,
And, though we worked some, we had bushels
of play,
When supper was over, the dishes were cleared,
And we danced, and we talked, and we laughed,
and we cheered.

A bright-eyed young lady all day long had been
Such an imp, that we called her "The Fairy
Queen";
Her name was MELISSA, and a boy we called
Jake [awake;
Determined that night he would keep her
But, before they went home, we told them to
stand
Tete-a-tete, while I, with a book in my hand,
Said, "Jake, do you take sweet Melissa to-night
To be your dear wife?" and Jake answered,
"All right!"
Then quoth I, "Melissa, do you also take
For a life-loving partner our handsome friend
Jake?"
And she answered, "I do for the rest of my
life." [wife."
Said I, "I pronounce you, then, husband and
And homeward they wandered, in mirth and in
glee,
As merry as any young people could be.

A few summers after, Jake's rich uncle died,
And left him a farm, and three thousand beside.
And I told Melissa, said I, "Look 'e here,
The half of that's yours, my sweet little dear."
So I wrote her a letter to forward to Jake,
Counseling him then, for the good mercy's sake,
Not to buy any stove, tub, curtain, or chair,
Or carpet, or cupboard, till she could be there.
But Jake he replied in a sullen-like tone,
And argued the property all was his own,
And that he would use it just as he might please;
If she didn't like that, why then she might *sneeze*.
Melissa then wrote to me merely to know
If Jake didn't marry her some years ago.
I replied that he did, and that I was there
And said the good words—and the contract was
fair.

And it wasn't a week till a gentleman came
And inquired of Jake, "What might be your
name?"
Jake told him his name as nice as could be,
And the constable said, "Do you come with me."
What happened thereafter I really don't know,
Only that Jake paid a thousand or so.

Well, Melissa she too had a wealthy old aunt
In Havana, in Cuba—old, sickly and gaunt,
Who suddenly died, and left an estate [great;
To her beautiful niece that was frightfully
Some said 'twas a million of dollars, or more,
With a farm and some cattle, a mill and a store.
And Melissa employed an attorney or two,
Who sifted the matter quite thro' and thro',
And Melissa, who many great hardships had
seen, [Queen";
Came homeward, in truth quite a "Fairy
And then, oh! you might have seen all her
beaux—
Some twenty or thirty, but no person knows
How many—and she was quite at a loss
To settle on whom she would choose as a boss.
While she was reflecting this matter o'er,
Jake addressed her a letter, to squander no more
Of the money till he could obtain time to go
And help her to "settle up matters," if you
know. &c.
Melissa got frightened, for well did she know
That the old marriage contract was "IN STATU
QUO";
So she sent a letter or two unto me,
To know if they really didn't agree.
And Jake he wrote also and wanted to know
If they two were not married some winters ago.

I wrote to them both, just then and just there,
That I always considered the contract as fair;
And I thought that the law would decide it as
good, [would!
For *both swore of age* when my uncle chopped
What happened thereafter I really don't know,
Only Jake was hushed up with ten thousand
or so.

OUR COMMON SCHOOLS.—We are indebted to J. P. Wickersham, Esq., State Superintendent of Common Schools and Superintendent of the Schools for Soldiers' Orphans, for a copy of his Annual Report, from which we gather the following statistics:

Number of School Districts in State	2,023
Number of Schools	15,789
Number of Teachers	18,021
Number of Pupils	834,614
Average Salaries of Male Teachers per month	$41.03
Average Salaries of Female do. do.	32,86
Total Cost, including Expenditures	$8,520,918.33
Estimated value of School Property	16,889,624.00
Total valuation of School Property in Cambria county	107,550.00

The whole number of school houses in this county is 153, of which 148 are frame, 7 brick, and 4 log.

SOLDIERS' ORPHANS' SCHOOLS.

Number of Schools	38
Number of Orphans in charge of the State on Nov. 1st, 1871	3,660
Cost of the system for the past year	$ 500,000.00
Whole cost of system since going into operation	2,002,208.34
Probable amount of future appropriations	2,000,000.00

HYMENIAL.

FLANAGAN—GLASS.—Married, in Johnstown, on Christmas evening, by Rev. Father Garvey, Capt. P. M. FLANAGAN, of White twp., and Miss SUE GLASS, of the former place.

JONES—BROOKBANKE.—Married, in this place, on Dec. 21st, by Rev. T. R. Jones, Mr. JONATHAN JONES and Miss LAURA BROOKBANKE, all of Ebensburg.

BERG—HEIGHT.—Married, in Ursina, O., on the 31st ult., by Rev. Mitchell, Mr. WM. BERG, of Cambria township, and Miss ALLIE J., daughter of Rev. A. R. Height.

OBITUARY.

MCFEELY.—Died, at Chest Springs, on Sunday, Dec. 31st, after a prolonged illness, Mrs. CLARA J. MCFEELY, wife of Bernard J. McFeely, aged 23 years.

To our friend we offer sincere and heartfelt sympathy in his great and untimely bereavement. The loss of a loving and beloved wife at any time is indeed a sad dispensation, but when one is taken away in the very spring-time of life and from the enjoyment of domestic felicity in its happiest and most promising aspect, the poignancy of the affliction is greatly enhanced. Mrs. McFeely was all that a faithful wife, mother, friend and neighbor could be, and having lived an earnest and devout member of the Catholic Church, she died in the full hope of a peaceful eternity, leaving a bereaved husband to mourn her early death and an infant child to miss the fond caress and tender care which only a mother can bestow. May she rest in peace.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

Estate of F. J. BARBERICK, dec'd.

Letters of Administration on the estate of F. J. Barberick, late of the State of Iowa, having been issued to the undersigned, all parties in any way indebted to said estate are hereby notified to make immediate payment, and those having claims to present them duly authenticated for settlement.

GEO. A. BERRY, Adm'r.

Ebensburg, Jan. 6, 1872.-6t.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

Estate of JACOB MACK, deceased.

Letters of Administration on the estate of JACOB MACK, late of the township of Cambria, deceased, having been granted to the undersigned by the Register of Cambria county, all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those having claims are desired to present them properly authenticated for settlement.

JOSEPH S. MARDIS, *Administrator.*

Blacklick Twp., Jan. 6, 1872.-6t.

STRAY STEER.—Came to the premises of the subscriber in Chest township, about the middle of October last, a white and red spotted STEER, supposed to be a year and a half old or thereabouts. The owner is requested to come forward, prove property, pay charges and take him away, otherwise he will be disposed of according to law.

FRANCIS DRESS.

Chest Twp., Dec. 23, 1871.-3t.*

DISSOLUTION!—Notice is hereby given that the copartnership between the undersigned, under the firm name of Geo. W. Oatman & Co., has been this day dissolved by mutual consent. GEO. W. OATMAN,

T. R. SCANLAN.

Ebensburg, Dec. 18, 1871.-6t.

DETERMINED TO COUNTERACT

THE SHORT-SIGHTED POLICY OF DESIGNING AND MALICIOUS PERSONS, WHO HAVE SOUGHT TO INJURE THE TRADE OF PHILADELPHIA BY CONDUCTING AND CIRCULATING

EXAGGERATED AND MALICIOUS REPORTS,

WE SHALL TAKE ADVANTAGE OF OUR FORTUNATE POSITION AND ORGANIZE AN

Immense and Unapproachable SALE!

WHICH WILL CAUSE A GREAT LOSS TO ANY WHO MAKE PURCHASES WITHOUT KNOWING WHAT CAN BE SAVED IN BUYING AT THIS

UNUSUAL AND STUPENDOUS SALE!

We commenced on FRIDAY, DECEMBER 1st,

THE UNRESERVED CLEARANCE OF THE LARGEST STOCK

WANAMAKER & BROWN

EVER HELD, BEING NEARLY

A Million Dollars' Worth of Substantial Clothing

OF OUR BEST MANUFACTURE, FOR MEN, BOYS, AND CHILDREN,

WANAMAKER & BROWN } PART OF WHICH WAS PERSONALLY SELECTED IN FOREIGN MARKETS BY MR. WANAMAKER, BEFORE THE IMMENSE RISE IN WOOL, AND CAN BE SOLD TO READY-MONEY BUYERS AT { WANAMAKER & BROWN
WANAMAKER & BROWN } { WANAMAKER & BROWN

ASTONISHINGLY LOW PRICES!

A VISIT AND INSPECTION, WHICH COSTS NOTHING,

WILL PROVE UNQUESTIONABLY THAT

MANY of the ATICLES ARE WORTH DOUBLE THE PRICES QUOTED.

ABRIDGED PLAN.

MEN'S DEPARTMENT.		BOYS' DEPARTMENT.	
CONTAINING—		CONTAINING—	
7,961	Men's Overcoats,	960	Youths' Overcoats,
6,949	Dress Coats,	3 000	Youths' Pants,
516	Garricks and Capes,	3,714	Youths' Vests,
5,113	Business Coats,	1,872	Youths' Everyday Coats,
12,311	Business Pants,	723	Children's Overcoats,
1,813	Fine English Striped Pants,	135	Children's Cape Overcoats;
3,875	Doeskin Pants,	180	Children's Garricks,
2,519	Black Cloth Vests,	1,344	Children's Suits.
602	Velvet Vests,	3,282	Boys' Pants,
578	Cashmere Vests,	2,676	Boys' Jackets,
14,406	Cassimere Vests,	733	Big Men's Coats,
583	Double-Breasted Short Overcoats,	1,205	Big Men's Pants,
523	English Diagonal D. B. Coats.	986	Big Men's Vests.

78,259 TOTAL GARMENTS.

FIRST FLOOR (West)—Arranged for Furnishing Goods and Coats. The Job Lots, "Less than Half Price Lots." Piece Goods for Custom Work, which share in our general reduction of prices.
SECOND FLOOR—3 DEPARTMENTS: DRESS PANTS, SECOND DRESS PANTS, WORKING PANTS, JOB LOTS.
THIRD FLOOR—OVERCOATS, TOP COATS, GARRICKS, COACHMEN'S COATS.
FOURTH, FIFTH AND SIXTH FLOORS—Reserved Surplus Stock.
FIRST FLOOR (East)—School and Dress Suits, and Little Lads' Clothes.
SECOND FLOOR—Larger-sized Goods and Half Priced Lots.
UPPER FLOORS—Reserve Stock and Extra Fine Goods.

NOTE—☞ These and all our Goods are not bought from Wholesale Houses, but are of our own manufacture—many of them made in our own building, under our own eye and supervision—of materials carefully examined and sponged, and made only for our Regular Retail Trade; so that customers can take them with the utmost confidence.

PARTICULARS.

FIRST—Store open from 7 A. M. to 6½ P. M., except Saturdays, when open at 6½ A. M. to 10 P. M.
SECOND—All Goods Exchanged, or Money Refunded.
THIRD—A large staff of Salesmen and Ushers to the different Departments, in waiting to receive Customers.
FOURTH—Orders by Telegraph or Letter from any Quarter faithfully attended to.

IN CONCLUSION:

FOR SOLID AND SUBSTANTIAL BARGAINS THIS IS AN UNPRECEDENTED OPPORTUNITY!
IT WILL PAY TO COME FROM ANY PART OF THE COUNTRY, OR TO MAKE UP CLUBS IN TOWNS AND VILLAGES, AS WE MEAN TO GIVE SOMEBODY ALL THE GOODS WE HAVE.
WE HAVE HAD THE LARGEST SALES THE HOUSE HAS EVER KNOWN, AND TO WIND UP THE SEASON WE CAN AFFORD TO ALMOST SHUT OUR EYES TO THE PRICES.

WANAMAKER & BROWN

OAK HALL,

Sixth and Market Streets, Philadelphia, Pa.

GO, SEE AND ADMIRE

THE IMMENSE SHOW

OF

NEW GOODS!

NOW OPENING AT

Thompson's!

ONE THOUSAND

OVERCOATS!

$2,000 WORTH

OF

LADIES' FURS

OF ALL GRADES.

NEW AND ELEGANT STYLES

OF

CLOTHING!

BOOTS AND SHOES

FOR THE MILLION!

CHEAPER THAN EVER!

GEO. M. READE, *Attorney-at-Law*, Ebensburg, Pa. Office in new building recently erected on Centre street, two doors from High street. [aug.27.]

WM. H. SECHLER, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Ebensburg, Pa. Office in Thos. Lloyd's new building, one door north of Colgrade Row, Centre street.

F. A. SHOEMAKER, GEO. A. BERRY. SHOEMAKER & BERRY, ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW, EBENSB'G

March 11, 1871.

A Night on Vesuvius in Eruption.

A THRILLING SKETCH.

A Naples correspondent of the London Athenæum furnishes the following interesting account of a visit to Mt. Vesuvius:

The remains of the lava stream which broke out from Vesuvius at the beginning of this year, dwindled notably some four or five days since, so as to become almost invisible at night, and we were expecting a period of quiescence, when signs of fresh activity became apparent, and, on Tuesday, two streams, issuing low down from new points of the ash cone, descended along its sides, raising a large cloud of smoke and vapor.—At night the direction and magnitude of these two glowing streams could be readily observed from Naples, and at the same time it was seen that the small crater (of this year) near the top of the cone was blazing as tho' with atreinous flame, whilst at short intervals showers of red hot ashes were ejected from the mouth of the big crater. Vesuvius was, in fact, in regular process of eruption.

The night being exceedingly fine and the moon nearly full, we determined to take advantage of the opportunity for enjoying an experience as impressive as rare—namely, a nocturnal visit to the summit of the belching cone.

A carriage brought D——, K—— and your correspondent to Resina, at the foot of the mountain, by ten o'clock, and after a brisk walk up to the Hermitage, we found ourselves, at midnight, by the slowly advancing extremity of one of the lava streams. Here we sat down in comfortable hollows of the earlier lava of this year, warmed by the glowing mass some thirty feet from us, whilst we watched its progress. The whole scene, as we then witnessed it, had something of an unnatural aspect—not in the sense of supernatural, but rather in the sense of artificial or human workmanship. It resembled some vast pyrotechnic display; the mass of lava before us, with its cooling surface of cinders and its glowing cracks, was very like the smouldering embers of a huge bonfire; whilst above, the flambeau of the little crater and the constantly repeated showers from the large mouth at this distance were like so many fireworks—the latter especially bearing a strong resemblance to the device known as "golden rain." At times a dense pillar of black smoke, accompanied by vivid flashes of lightning, burst from the summit of the mountain, and gave a more terrible tone to the aspect.

Other thoughts arose as we advanced along the line of

THE LAVA STREAM,

and watched it flowing at a white heat with perfect limpidity, from the rents in the side of the ash-cone, whilst a distant roar was heard marking each of the intermittent blasts from the summit. No one who had seen the tapping of an iron furnace could fail to be struck with the similarity of the scene there presented to that witnessed on Vesuvius, the scale being immensely larger in the latter case. Here indeed, one could imagine, were the old giants at work in their forge; we heard the deep breathing of their bellows; we saw the sparks from the chimney; below we watched the flowing out of the molten metal; then, as we listened, the notes of a distant band of quarrymen, chanting one of those strangely plaintive Neopolitan strains, came through the still air to our ears, like the hosied chorus of the giant forgemen. Above us the moon was shining with a clear green light, and behind lay the beautiful bay, with the shadowy forms of Ischia and Capri faintly indicated, while a long crescent of fairy lights, glimmering on the coast line, marked the stretching roadway of Naples, Portici and Resina.

Passing between the two new lava streams which were tending to meet each other at a point to the seaward side of the mound on which the observatory is placed, we began to climb the steep side of

THE ASH CONE,

in order to make our way to the great crater. After calming the fears of our porter (who carried our rugs and some refreshments) by a promise of some extra francs—three were sufficient to induce him to come on whither he had sworn in the most heart-rending tones that it was certain death to venture—we proceeded steadily for an hour, and then rested on the level of the small crater. We could not now see the sources of either lava stream, but the free end of that which was issuing from a point almost in the Atrio del Cavallo—and whose dreadful crawl as it slowly but surely rolled on, overwhelming and destroying, we had stopped to watch as we passed at a distance of a few feet—now appeared to have gained the other stream, and to have joined its current, so that the line which we had taken in ascending was completely closed in by a burning river. Whilst resting at this spot perhaps the finest effects were witnessed, for the volume of smoke issuing from the small crater was now seen in its real magnitude, and what had looked like flame was clearly seen to be dense smoke, illuminated by the reflection of light within the crater. The big crater seemed to be now more energetic in its blasts; not only fine ashes, but huge white hot stones, were tossed up at each gasp, and fell round about the edge of the cup, whilst the whole mountain shook beneath us, like a vessel staggering under a heavy sea. The bare crags of the old half crater, Monte Somma, looked weird enough in the moonlight, and the impression was heightened by the hollow echo with which they sent back, after a pause, a response to the roar accompanying each jet of stones from Vesuvius; the broken down, half buried mother seemed to be sympathizing in the wild play of her offspring.

From this point we passed (at about three o'clock) on to the line where the fine dust-like ashes commence—about one hundred feet from the lips of the great crater. Here our porter pointed out, in an agonized voice, that there were many red-hot stones lying around about us, recently ejected from the crater. His anxiety, however, was not so great as to prevent him from lighting his pipe at one of these masses, which measured three feet by two feet, and would have been unpleasant when falling from a height of some four hundred feet. We were on the south side of the crater, where comparatively very few of these stones were falling, and after a little consultation, D—— and I determined to ascend as far as the lip, in order to take one peep at what was going on within. Anxiously watching the direction of the stones sent up by the explosions which occurred as we ascended, we gained the desired edge, and looked into the crater. Nothing was to be seen but dense clouds of sulphurous smoke, which half choked us. We agreed to await one explosion and then retire. It came with a tremendous shock—much like that experienced when one is between decks of a man-of-war whilst a volley is fired. The white blocks and stones and red-hot ashes rose into the air from a spot not one hundred feet in front of us, in a vast column, and fell luckily towards the other side of the crater; then we ran down hastily. As we descended over the fine ashes on the Pompeian side of the mountain, we watched other explosions, one of which scattered the side of the crater where we had stood, far and wide, with ashes and glowing stones.—Though it would be possible by activity to avoid being hit by any of the larger stones when a shower fell around one, yet I do not know to what extent it is considered reasonable to venture, and was therefore exceedingly pleased that none fell on the southern side of the crater whilst we stood there.

A quick descent brought our party to Resina as the clocks were striking six, and after taking coffee and bread, we drove back to Naples.

One fact is worth notice with regard to the larger blocks blown in the air from the crater—they appear to ascend without any rotary motion whatever, so that their angular, more or less square, outline is distinctly seen; in descending, on the contrary, they rotate rapidly, and thus assume a spheroidal appearance—making, at the same time, a hissing noise. Probably those in a more viscid state do actually thus assume a bomb like form.

Dr. Crook's WINE of TAR

A remedy which has been a tester for 10 years, and is sold in thousands of cases, capable of curing all diseases of the throat and lungs; performing many remarkable cures merits a trial from all who are suffering from similar affections and vainly seeking relief. Will you be persuaded to procure it from being cured also?

Coughs and Colds.—The Druggists say it cures them all Croups.—The relief and cures of it are marvellous. Bronchitis.—Every sufferer will find relief and cure Throat Ailments require only a few doses. Lung Disease.—Has cured cases pronounced incurable Debility.—It renovates and invigorates the system. Liver Complaint.—Most effective regulator of this organ Dyspepsia.—Its healthy action on the stomach cures it. Appetite.—It is health-giving and appetite restoring. Urinary Organs.—Action on them is marked and prompt

DR. CROOK'S WINE OF TAR is rich in the medicinal qualities of Tar, combined with vegetable ingredients of undoubted value, which make it unsurpassed, not only for the complaints enumerated but it rapidly restores exhausted strength, cleanses the Stomach, relaxes the Liver and puts them to work, causes the food to digest, and makes pure blood, and begets a vivacity appreciated by both sound and sick. If you are afflicted in any way, we know if you try the life-giving tonic properties of Dr. Crook's Wine of Tar, you will add your testimony to its great value in correcting any ills that flesh is heir to." Prepared only by OLIVER CROOK & CO. Sold by Druggists everywhere.

For Scrofula, Scrofulous Tumors, Scrofulous Diseases of the Eyes, or Scrofula in any form, Rheumatism, Diseases of the Liver, Diseases of the Skin, Erysipelas, Pimples, Boils, Tetter, Cold Head, Ulcers, and old Sores, or any disease depending on a depraved condition of the blood, take Dr. Crook's Compound Syrup of Yellow Dock. It is established with the best tonic preparations of iron known, and is the best Alterative and Blood Purifier made. Cleanse your blood. Try one Bottle. Sold by Druggists.

Prepared only by OLIVER CROOK & CO., Dayton, O.

JOHNSTOWN FURNITURE EMPORIUM.

WM. P. PATTON,

Manufacturer and Dealer in

—ALL KINDS OF—

CABINET FURNITURE

Nos. 150 and 152 Linton Street,

JOHNSTOWN, PA.

Bureaus, Bedsteads, Washstands, Sideboards, Chamber Sets, Parlor Sets, Wardrobes, Book Cases, Lounges, &c., &c., &c., &c., &c., &c., &c., &c., &c., &c., &c., &c.

Cane Chairs, Wood Seat Chairs, Kitchen Furniture, Rod Lounges, Mattresses, Tete-a-Tetes, Extension Tables, Dining Tables, Cupboards, &c., &c., &c., &c., &c., &c., &c., &c., &c., &c., &c., &c.

EVERY DESCRIPTION OF

SCHOOL AND HALL FURNITURE

made to order in excellent style and at low prices. Cabinet and Chairmakers' materials of all kinds for sale. Furniture delivered at any point in Johnstown or at Railroad Station free of extra charge. WM. P. PATTON.

Johnstown, Oct. 13, 1870.-tf.

EXCURSION TICKET!

GOOD FOR NINETY DAYS.

UNION PACIFIC RAILROAD.

EBENSBURG TO SAN FRANCISCO,

AND RETURN.

☞ The person holding this Ticket is entitled to one First-Class passage, on foot or horseback, to San Francisco and return, provided said person's Photograph is first taken at

SPENCE'S GALLERY,

HIGH STREET, EBENSBURG, PA.

EXCURSION TICKET!

MADDEN & MOSES,

PRACTICAL TAILORS,

CLINTON STREET,

JOHNSTOWN, PA.

AUCTION! AUCTION!

HAVING been commissioned by Governor Geary to act as AUCTIONEER in and for the Borough of Ebensburg, I am now prepared to receive and sell at Public auction all kinds of Goods, Wares, Merchandise, &c., and also attend to the duties of Auctioneer at all sales of Lands, Tenements, Live Stock, Household Furniture, &c., &c., within the limits of said Borough. Terms moderate. Inquire at No. 100 High Street.

M. L. OATMAN,

Ebensburg, pril 22, 1871.-tf.

DENTISTRY.—The undersigned, a graduate of the Baltimore College of Dental Surgery, respectfully offers his PROFESSIONAL services to the citizens of Ebensburg and vicinity, which place he will visit on the FOURTH MONDAY of each month, to remain one week.

Aug 13. SAM'L BELFORD, D. D. S.

DR. H. B. MILLER,

Altoona, Pa.,

Operative and Mechanical DENTIST

Office removed to Virginia street, opposite the Lutheran church. Persons from Cambria county or elsewhere who get work done by me to the amount of Ten Dollars and upwards, will have the railroad fare deducted from their bills. ALL WORK WARRANTED. [Jan. 21, 1869.-tf.

FIRST NATIONAL SADDLE AND HARNESS SHOP OF CAMBRIA COUNTY, High street, (opposite Union School House,) West Ward, Ebensburg, Pa.—M. M. O'NEILL, Proprietor. *Saddles* and *Harness* made and repaired and all other work in my line executed in the best manner, on the shortest notice, and at the most reasonable rates. [2-12.-tf.]

WM. M. LLOYD & CO.,

BANKERS, ALTOONA, PA.

Drafts on the principal cities and Silver and Gold for sale. Collections made. Monies received on deposit, payable on demand without interest or upon time with interest at fair rates.

LLOYD & CO., BANKERS,

EBENSBURG, PA.

☞ Gold, Silver, Government Loans, and other Securities, bought and sold. Interest allowed on Time Deposits. Collections made at all accessible points in the United States, and a general Banking business transacted.

Ayer's Cathartic Pills,

For the relief and cure of all derangements in the stomach, liver, and bowels. They are a mild aperient, and an excellent purgative. Being purely vegetable, they contain no mercury or mineral whatever. Much serious sickness and suffering is prevented by their timely use; and every family should have them on hand for their protection and relief, when required. Long experience has proved them to be the safest, surest, and best of all the *Pills* with which the market abounds. By their occasional use, the blood is purified, the corruptions of the system expelled, obstructions removed, and the whole machinery of life restored to its healthy activity. Internal organs which become clogged and sluggish are cleansed by *Ayer's Pills*, and stimulated into action. Thus incipient disease is changed into health, the value of which change, when reckoned on the vast multitudes who enjoy it, can hardly be computed. Their sugar coating makes them pleasant to take, and preserves their virtues unimpaired for any length of time, so that they are ever fresh, and perfectly reliable. Although searching, they are mild, and operate without disturbance to the constitution, or diet, or occupation.

Full directions are given on the wrapper to each box, how to use them as a Family Physic, and for the following complaints, which these *Pills* rapidly cure:—

For **Dyspepsia** or **Indigestion, Listlessness, Languor** and **Loss of Appetite**, they should be taken moderately to stimulate the stomach, and restore its healthy tone and action.

For **Liver Complaint** and its various symptoms, **Bilious Headache, Sick Headache, Jaundice** or **Green Sickness, Bilious Colic** and **Bilious Fevers**, they should be judiciously taken for each case, to correct the diseased action or remove the obstructions which cause it.

For **Dysentery** or **Diarrhœa**, but one mild dose is generally required.

For **Rheumatism, Gout, Gravel, Palpitation of the Heart, Pain in the Side, Back** and **Loins**, they should be continuously taken, as required, to change the diseased action of the system. With such change those complaints disappear.

For **Dropsy** and **Dropsical Swellings**, they should be taken in large and frequent doses to produce the effect of a drastic purge.

For **Suppression**, a large dose should be taken, as it produces the desired effect by sympathy.

As a *Dinner Pill*, take one or two *Pills* to promote digestion and relieve the stomach.

An occasional dose stimulates the stomach and bowels, restores the appetite, and invigorates the system. Hence it is often advantageous where no serious derangement exists. One who feels tolerably well often finds that a dose of these *Pills* makes him feel decidedly better, from their cleansing and renovating effect on the digestive apparatus.

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. AYER & CO., Practical Chemists, LOWELL, MASS., U. S. A.

FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE.

Ayer's Hair Vigor,

For restoring to Gray Hair its natural Vitality and Color.

A dressing which is at once agreeable, healthy, and effectual for preserving the hair. *It soon restores faded or gray hair to its original color, with the gloss and freshness of youth.* Thin hair is thickened, falling hair checked, and baldness often, though not always, cured by its use. Nothing can restore the hair where the follicles are destroyed, or the glands atrophied and decayed; but such as remain can be saved by this application, and stimulated into activity, so that a new growth of hair is produced. Instead of fouling the hair with a pasty sediment, it will keep it clean and vigorous. Its occasional use will prevent the hair from turning gray or falling off, and consequently prevent baldness. The restoration of vitality it gives to the scalp arrests and prevents the formation of dandruff, which is often so uncleanly and offensive. Free from those deleterious substances which make some preparations dangerous and injurious to the hair, the Vigor can only benefit but not harm it. If wanted merely for a HAIR DRESSING, nothing else can be found so desirable. Containing neither oil nor dye, it does not soil white cambric, and yet lasts long on the hair, giving it a rich, glossy lustre, and a grateful perfume.

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co.,

Practical and Analytical Chemists,

LOWELL, MASS.

NATURE'S HAIR RESTORATIVE

TRADE MARK.

Contains no LAC SULPHUR—No SUGAR OF LEAD—No LITHARGE—No NITRATE OF SILVER, and is entirely free from the Poisonous and Health-destroying Drugs used in other Hair Preparations.

Transparent and clear as crystal, it will not soil the finest fabric,—perfectly SAFE, CLEAN and EFFICIENT,—desiderata thus LONG SOUGHT FOR AND FOUND AT LAST!

It restores and prevents the Hair from becoming Gray, imparts a soft, glossy appearance, removes Dandruff, is cool and refreshing to the head, checks the Hair from falling off, and restores it to a great extent when prematurely lost, prevents Headache, cures all humors, cutaneous eruptions, and unnatural heat. AS A DRESSING FOR THE HAIR IT IS THE BEST ARTICLE IN THE MARKET.

DR. G. SMITH, Patentee, Ayer, Mass. Prepared only by PROCTOR BROTHERS, Gloucester, Mass. The genuine is put up in a panel bottle, made expressly for it, with the name of the article blown in the glass. Ask your Druggist for *NATURE'S HAIR RESTORATIVE*, and take no other.

☞ Send two three cent stamps to PROCTOR BROTHERS for a "Treatise on the Human Hair." The information it contains is worth $500 to any person.

☞ For sale by LEMMON & MURRAY, Druggists, &c., Ebensburg, Pa. [June 3, '71.-ly.]

JAMES J. OATMAN, M. D., tenders his professional services as Physician and Surgeon to the citizens of Carrolltown and vicinity. Office in the rear of J. Buck & Co.'s store, and residence (where night calls can be made) one door south of A. Haug's tin and hardware store. [May 9, 1871.]

W. W. JAMISON, M. D., Loretto, Cambria Co., Pa., Tenders his professional services to all citizens of the above place and vicinity who may at any time need Medical aid. [apr.21.-ly]

LEMMON & PLANK, Practising Physicians, EBENSBURG, PA. ☞ Office in rear of Lemmon & Murray's Drug and Book Store, High street. [Jul27-6m.]

A NIGHT ON VESUVIUS.—The Louisville *Journal* has a Naples correspondent who writes: "I spent a night with some friends on the top of Vesuvius, freezing on one side and boiling on the other. We kept ourselves awake by the amusement of dodging the falling stones. About once in ten minutes the old mountain gave a shiver—then a burst like forty thousand muffled cannon, if ever there was such a thing. At each burst, a cloud of black smoke, in the shape of an inverted hay stack, and thirteen times the size of the Galt House, was driven into the air, followed by a mass of livid flame that lighted the country for leagues around. Then look out for stones; millions of stones are thrown hundreds of feet high in the air, most of them falling back into the crater, but many, varying in size from a pigeon's egg to a tobacco hogshead, land outside, and you must dodge; generally easy enough, as they are of a white heat, and show as plainly as a rocket star. They tumble down the steep cone, hissing and steaming in the snow—the big ones breaking into fragments and flying like a bursting shell. Now is the time—ten minutes interval. We rush up to the very edge of the abyss, and look down; for further particulars see "Dante's Inferno"—but you spoil your boots; I did. You turn away sneezing, as if you had accidentally ignited a box of lucifers under your nose.—For a moment all is dark; then the long, twinkling row of gas lamps in the streets of Naples seem to spring up out of the ground under your feet, though miles away; then you see the lights in the little towns above the base of the mountains, in all save one, and that one is the largest. Pompeii, with its great old temples, magnificent theatres, close built streets, and vast arena, is dark; the grim skeletons lying in these azhen beds alone keep vigil there; their eyeless sockets need no light. No sight that I ever witnessed can equal a clear sunrise from Vesuvius. No one can imagine its grandeur; but you must try it, for I dare not attempt a description. As we stood gazing down on the roofless houses of Pompeii, the sun lighted in gay colored wall—Terre del Greco, with its earthquake shaken walls—I said—"I'm glad of it." Says one of the party, "It's awful shabby; don't think it pays." That young man was from Henry county, Indiana. With a pretty general destruction of boots and clothing, and the aforesaid loss of one of the handsomest moustaches in Naples by your humble servant, we got down safely. Not so with another party who descended from the Nola side. One of them had an arm broken by a falling stone, another a leg in getting down."

HOW HIS CONVERSION WAS BROUGHT ABOUT.—An old friend of ours told us a very good one the other day. It was in this wize: "About two years ago," said he, "one parson B——, a noted Universalist preacher, received a notice by the hands of George Washington, so called, a man of color and African *scent*, to appear before Gen. M——, at that time agent of the Freedman's Bureau, stationed at Marshall, Texas, to answer the charge of willfully, maliciously and most outrageously wronging the aforesaid George Washington, so called. He went, he saw, he heard. On the next Sabbath after his friendly interview with General M——, he got up in his pulpit and to the astonishment of every one present, took for his text, 'The wicked will be turned into Hell with all the nations that forget GOD.' After preaching a real hell and damnation sermon, he concluded by saying: 'My brethren, my mind has undergone a complete change since last I preached to you; I am satisfied now if there is no hell, there ought to be one—and if any of you brethren should yet have any scruples in regard to the matter, just claim all that belongs to you from some freedman, and it will get you before the freedman's bureau. When you get home again, if you don't go strong for a hell, you are not the people I take you to be—from this time out I am a hell man.'" —Jefferson (Texas) Herald.

TYPHOID FEVER being not unfrequently epidemic in some locality or other throughout the country, the following, which is said to be an excellent preventative, may be of benefit to some of our readers. It has the advantage of a practical test: "Six ounces of cayenne pepper, a tablespoonful of common salt, a pint and a half each of boiling water and vinegar. Let them remain in a close vessel for one hour; then strain through a fine linen cloth. Take a tablespoonful every hour or two."

JAMES F. MILLIKEN,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW

AND REAL ESTATE AGENT,

HOLLIDAYSBURG, PA.

Special attention given to the collection of claims in Blair, Cambria, Huntingdon, Bedford, Centre and Clearfield counties.

Parties wishing to purchase, rent, lease, sell or exchange real estate will find it greatly to their interests to call on or address me.

☞ Correspondence in either English or German solicited.

REFERENCES—Wm. Mann, Esq., Messrs. Morgan, Bush & Co., Gen'l C. H. T. Collis, Philadelphia; Messrs. J. T. Way & Bro., W. M. Gormley, Esq., H. Swoope, Esq., Pittsburg; Hon. John Scott, Huntingdon; Hon. S. S. Blair, Hollidaysburg; Hon. B. F. Rose, Altoona; D. W. Woods, Esq., Lewistown; Cyrus Elder, Esq., Johnstown; Wm. P. Wilson, Esq., Bellefonte. [1-12.-ly.]

F. P. TIERNEY.....JAMES F. NULL.

LAW AND COLLECTION OFFICE —OF— TIERNEY & NULL, 9 Ionade Row, Ebensburg, Pa.

☞ Special attention paid to collections in all parts of the United States. [2-18-'71.-tf.]

C. W. EASLY, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Office, No. 108 Franklin street, Johnstown, Pa., two doors North of Frazer's Drug Store. Will attend promptly to all manner of legal business that may be entrusted to him.

GEO. M. READE, *Attorney-at-Law*, Ebensburg, Pa. Office in new building recently erected on Centre street, two doors from High street. [aug.27.]

WM. H. SECHLER, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Ebensburg, Pa. Office in Thos. Lloyd's new building, one door north of Colonade Row, Centre street.

F. A. SHOEMAKER.....GEO. A. BERRY.

SHOEMAKER & BERRY, ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW, March 11, 1871. EBENSBURG, PA.

GEO. W. OATMAN & CO., ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW, Ebensburg, Cambria Co., Pa. The collection of notes and bills, whether due or past due, will receive prompt attention

T. R. SCANLAN, *Attorney-at-Law*, Carrolltown, Cambria Co., Pa. All manner of legal business attended to promptly and carefully. Collections a specialty.

T. W. DICK, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Ebensburg, Pa. Office in Colonade Row.—All manner of legal business attended to satisfactorily and collections a specialty. [10-14.tf.]

J. S. OGDEN, JUSTICE OF THE PEACE, Johnstown, Pa. Office on Iron street, between the Conemaugh Bridge and Pa. R. R. Depot. Collections and all business intrusted to him will be promptly attended to. [3-H.

DANIEL McLAUGHLIN, *Attorney-at-Law*, Johnstown, Pa. Office in the old Exchange building, (up-stairs,) corner of Clinton and Locust streets. Will attend to all business connected with his profession.

JOHN P. LINTON, *Attorney-at-Law*, Johnstown, Pa. Office in building southwest corner of Main and Franklin streets, second story. Entrance on Franklin street.

1872. WINTER. 1872.

I am now prepared to offer

SUPERIOR INDUCEMENTS

TO CASH PURCHASERS OF

TIN, SHEET-IRON & COPPER WARE.

EITHER AT

WHOLESALE OR RETAIL.

My stock consists in part of every variety of Tin, Sheet-Iron, COPPER AND BRASS WARES, ENAMELLED AND PLAIN SAUCE-PANS, BOILERS, &c., COAL SHOVELS, MINE LAMPS, OIL CANS, HOUSEFURNISHING HARDWARE OF EVERY KIND.

Spear's Anti-Dust

HEATING AND COOKING STOVES, *EXCELSIOR COOKING STOVES*, NOBLE, TRIUMPH AND PARLOR COOKING STOVES,

And any Cooking Stove desired I will get when ordered at manufacturer's prices.—Odd Stove Plates and Grates, &c., for repairs, on hand for the Stoves I sell; others will be ordered when wanted. Particular attention given to

Spouting, Valleys and Conductors, all of which will be made out of best materials and put up by competent workmen.

Lamp Burners, Wick and Chimneys WHOLESALE OR RETAIL.

I would call particular attention to the Light House Burner, with Glass Cone, for giving more light than any other in use. Also, the Paragon Burner, for Crude Oil.

SUGAR KETTLES AND CAULDRONS of all sizes constantly on hand.

Special attention given to Jobbing in Tin, Copper and Sheet-Iron, at lowest possible rates.

WHOLESALE MERCHANTS' LISTS now ready, and will be sent on application by mail or in person

Hoping to see all my old customers and many new ones this Spring, I return my most sincere thanks for the very liberal patronage I have already received, and will endeavor to please all who may call, whether they buy or not.

FRANCIS W. HAY.

Johnstown, March 7, 1867.

GREAT REDUCTION IN PRICES *TO CASH CUSTOMERS!* AT THE EBENSBURG HOUSE-FURNISHING STORE.

The undersigned respectfully informs the citizens of Ebensburg and the public generally that he has made a great reduction in prices to CASH BUYERS. My stock will consist, in part, of *Cooking, Parlor and Heating Stoves*, of the most popular kinds; *Tinware* of every description, of my own manufacture; *Hardware* of all kind, such as Locks, Screws, Butt Hinges, Table Hinges, Shutter Hinges, Bolts, Iron and Nails, Window Glass, Putty, Table Knives and Forks, Carving Knives and Forks, Meat Cutters, Apple Parers, Pen and Pocket Knives in great variety, Scissors, Shears, Razors and Strops, Axes, Hatchets, Hammers, Boring Machines, Augers, Chisels, Planes, Compasses, Squares, Files, Rasps, Anvils, Vises, Wrenches, Rip, Panel and Cross-Cut Saws, Chains of all kinds, Shovels, Spades, Scythes and Snaths, Rakes, Forks, Sleigh Bells, Shoe Lasts, Pegs, Wax Bristles, Clothes Wringers, Grind Stones, Patent Molasses Gates and Measures, Lumber Sticks, Horse Nails, Horse Shoes, Cast Steel, Rifles, Shot Guns, Revolvers, Pistols, Cartridges, Powder, Caps, Lead, &c., Odd Stove Plates, Grates and Fire Bricks, Well and Cistern Pumps and Tubing; *Harness and Saddlery Ware* of all kind; *Wooden and Willow Ware* in great variety; Carbon Oil and Oil Lamps, Fish Oil, Lard Oil, Linseed Oil, Lubricating Oil, Rosin, Tar, Glassware, Paints, Varnishes, Turpentine, Alcohol, &c.

FAMILY GROCERIES,

such as Tea, Coffee, Sugars, Molasses, Syrups, Spices, Dried Peaches, Dried Apples, Fish, Hominy, Crackers, Rice and Pearl Barley; Soaps, Candles; TOBACCO and CIGARS; Paint, Whitewash, Scrub, Horse, Shoe, Dusting, Varnish, Stove, Clothes and Tooth Brushes, all kinds and sizes; Bed Cords and Manilla Ropes, and many other articles at the lowest rates for CASH.

☞ *House Spouting* made, painted and put up at low rates for *cash*. A liberal discount made to country dealers buying Tinware wholesale. GEO. HUNTLEY

Ebensburg, Feb. 28, 1867.-tf.

GEORGE W. YEAGER,

Wholesale and Retail Dealer in

HEATING AND COOK STOVES

OF EVERY DESCRIPTION,

TIN, COPPER AND SHEET-IRON WARE

OF HIS OWN MANUFACTURE,

And GENERAL JOBBER in SPOUTING

and all other work in his line.

Virginia Street, near Caroline Street.

ALTOONA, PA.

The only dealer in the city having the right to sell the renowned "BARLEY SHEAF" COOK STOVE, the most perfect complete and satisfactory Stove ever introduced to the public.

STOCK IMMENSE. - PRICES LOW.

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.

LOOK WELL TO YOUR UNDERSTANDINGS!

BOOTS AND SHOES

For Men's and Boys' Wear.

The undersigned respectfully informs his numerous customers and the public generally that he is prepared to manufacture BOOTS and SHOES of any desired size or quality, from the finest French calfskin boots to the coarsest brogan, in the VERY BEST MANNER, on the shortest notice, and at as moderate prices as like work can be obtained anywhere.

Those who have worn Boots and Shoes made at my establishment need no assurance as to the superior quality of my work. Others can easily be convinced of the fact if they will only give me a trial. Try and be convinced.

☞ Repairing of Boots and Shoes attended to promptly and in a workmanlike manner.

Thankful for past favors I feel confident that my work and prices will commend me to a continuance and increase of the same.

JOHN D. THOMAS.

Ebensburg, April 28, 1869.

THOMAS CARLAND,

WHOLESALE DEALER IN

GROCERIES & QUEENSWARE,

WOOD AND WILLOW WARE,

STATIONERY AND NOTIONS,

FISH, SALT, SUGAR CURED MEATS,

BACON, FLOUR,

FEED AND PROVISIONS,

1328 Eleventh Avenue,

Between 13th and 14th Sts., Altoona.

All such goods as Spices, Brushes, Wood and Willow Ware, Shoe Blacking and Stationery will be sold from manufacturer's printed price lists, and all other goods in my line at Philadelphia, Baltimore, Cincinnati and Pittsburgh current prices. To dealers I present the peculiar advantage of saving them all freight and drayage, as they are not required to pay freights from the principal cities and no drayage charges are made. Dealers may rest assured that my goods are of the best quality and my prices as moderate as city rates. By doing a fair, upright business, and by promptly and satisfactorily filling all orders, I hope to merit the patronage of retail dealers and others in Cambria county and elsewhere. Orders respectfully solicited and satisfaction guaranteed in all cases. THOMAS CARLAND.

Altoona, July 29, 1869.-tf.

NEW FIRM IN AN OLD STAND

COME and SEE!

GOOD GOODS & GREAT BARGAINS

FOR THE READY CASH!

HAVING become proprietors of the STORE ROOM and STOCK OF GOODS recently belonging to H. Timmonsmaker & Co., and having purchased an additional

STOCK OF NEW GOODS

IN GREAT VARIETY,

we are now prepared to supply all the old customers of the late firm, and as many new ones as will patronize us, with Goods of all kinds at

PRICES FULLY AS LOW

as any other merchant in or out of Cambria county. It is our intention to keep our Store constantly stocked with a full and well selected assortment of DRY GOODS, LADIES DRESS GOODS, FANCY GOODS, NOTIONS, BOOTS, SHOES, HATS, CAPS, CLOTHING, CARPETS, FURNITURE, OIL CLOTHS, QUEENSWARE, GROCERIES, FLOUR, BACON, FISH, SALT, TOBACCO, CIGARS, and all other articles, large or small, that can be found in any store of like character in the county, and as we intend to

SELL EXCLUSIVELY for CASH OR COUNTRY PRODUCE,

and make no bad debts, we feel sure that our stock and our prices will not only secure but retain for us a liberal share of patronage.

EARLY VISITS FROM ONE AND ALL

are respectfully solicited, and if we fail to render entire satisfaction, both as regards the quality of our goods and the prices asked for them, it will certainly be no fault of the new firm at the old stand of Shoemaker & Co., High street. Don't forget the old stand—and don't forget to give you full value for your money.

YERK & LLOYD.

Ebensburg, Jan. 28, 1871.-tf.

WOOD, MORRELL & CO.,

WASHINGTON STREET,

Near Pa. R. R. Depot, Johnstown, Pa.,

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC DRY GOODS,

MILLINERY GOODS,

HARDWARE, QUEENSWARE, BOOTS AND SHOES, HATS AND CAPS, IRON AND NAILS, CARPETS AND OIL CLOTHS, READY-MADE CLOTHING, GLASS-WARE, YELLOW WARE, WOODEN AND WILLOW WARE,

PROVISIONS and FEED, ALL KINDS,

Together with all manner of Western Produce, such as FLOUR, BACON, FISH, SALT, CARBON OIL, &c., &c.

☞ Wholesale and retail orders solicited and promptly filled on the shortest notice and most reasonable terms.

WOOD, MORRELL & CO.

GEO. C. K. ZAHM.....JAS. B. ZAHM.

ZAHM & SON,

—DEALERS IN—

DRY GOODS,

NOTIONS, GROCERIES,

HARDWARE, QUEENSWARE,

HATS, CAPS, BOOTS, SHOES,

AND ALL OTHER ARTICLES GENERALLY KEPT IN A COUNTRY STORE.

WOOL AND COUNTRY PRODUCE

TAKEN IN EXCHANGE FOR GOODS.

Store on South Side of Main Street,

Ebensburg, Pa.

EBENSBURG

DRUG AND BOOK STORE.

HAVING recently enlarged our stock we are now prepared to sell at a great reduction from former prices. Our stock consists of Drugs, Medicines, Perfumery, Fancy Soaps, Leon's, Hall's and Allen's Hair Restoratives, Pills, Ointments, Plasters, Liniments, Pain Killers, Citrate Magnesia, Ess. Jamaica Ginger, Pure Flavoring Extracts, Essences, Lemon Syrup, Soothing Syrup, Spiced Syrup, Rhubarb, Pure Spices, &c.;

CIGARS AND TOBACCOS,

Blank Books, Deeds, Notes and Bonds; Cap, Post, Commercial and all kinds of Note Paper; Envelopes, Pens, Pencils, Arnold's Writing Fluid, Black and Red Ink, Pocket and Pass Books, Magazines, Newspapers, Novels, Histories, Bibles, Religious, Prayer and Toy Books, Penknives, Pipes, &c.

☞ We have added to our stock a lot of FINE JEWELRY, to which we would invite the attention of the Ladies.

PHOTOGRAPH ALBUMS at lower prices than ever offered in this place.

Paper and Cigars sold either wholesale or retail. LEMMON & MURRAY,

July 30, 1868. Main Street, Ebensburg.

LORETTO MARBLE WORKS,

PRICES REDUCED!

And Work Warranted!

MONUMENTS, TOMB STONES, BUREAU and TABLE TOPS, made of the finest Italian Marble and in style of workmanship not surpassed by any manufacturer. Give me a call before deciding upon purchasing or ordering work elsewhere. JAMES WILKINSON.

Loretto, April 22, 1871.-tf.

ANECDOTE OF A PET DOVE.—The river Neva, on the banks and islands of which the city of St. Petersburg is built, often rises suddenly on the breaking up of the ice in the Spring. Much peril consequently overtakes those whose homesteads are near enough to the river's banks to be endangered by the overwhelming force of the torrent, as well as by those floating blocks of ice whose destructive power is irresistible. During one of these sudden and terrific inundations, a striking incident was related to me as received from the truthful lips of an eye-witness. In one of the small tenements on the lower bank of the river a lovely, fair haired girl, about nine years old, dwelt with her parents, who were workers of hemp and flax. The child's greatest earthly treasure was a beautiful little dove, rescued from the hands of the destroyer, who had rudely torn away the parent-bird from the nest; then it had been nestled in her bosom, and fed from her lips, and they became almost inseparable companions, except when the little lassie accompanied her parents to church, or to market with their homespun goods, when for greater safety, the bird was suspended from the ceiling in its quaint wicker dwelling, to await and welcome with a flutter of delight the little maid's returning footsteps; then the door of the cage was thrown open, and the dove flew joyfully to its parent's resting place on Hulda's shoulder. What possibly might have been the mutual position when the rush and roar of waters suddenly swept over their little dwelling, the force of the destructive element leaving no time for flight or escape in any shape. The child was soon seen struggling in the wild whirl of waters, while the dove, with expanded wings (which instinct would have taught her to use for flight or safety), hovered over her little protectoress fluttering around with inexpressible alarm, now pecking on her head or breast when she rose to the surface, and with her little beak making vain efforts to rescue the floating tresses of silk-like hair borne backward and forward by the eddies of the torrent. When the fair young head was again engulphed, the dove plunged into the swelling wave after it, then rose with it again, until nature's struggles exhausted the loving little head, and the wet and weary wing sank, never to rise again, in the overwhelming waters!

CANINE AFFECTION.—A TOUCHING INCIDENT.—Our citizens are aware that the Mt. Auburn Inclined Plane railway is nearly completed, and that from the corner of Main and Mulberry streets it makes an ascent of 280 feet to the summit of Mt. Auburn. The stringers are already laid, partly on ties whose foundation is on a level with the sloping surface of the hill, and partly on trestles full 30 feet high. It is at the upper part of the inclined plane that the stringers rest on trestles. This explanation is necessary to make plain what we are to relate. Yesterday afternoon, at about two o'clock, Henry Wagner, an ex-policeman, who lived at the corner of Walnut and Jane streets, was making the ascent of Mt. Auburn by the way of this inclined plane, walking